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28 MARCH, 1962

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Boat Race Blues—the colours not the mood—begin on the cover with Oxford blue braiding for a travel coat and matching suit. The wrapover skirt is shown on its creamy wool reversible side and the seven-eighths coat reverses from the same cream wool to the handsome fleck in blue and white shown. The set is worn with a blue cashmere classic. Prices: 10½ gns. for the skirt only, 23 gns. for the suit, coat 23 gns., short-sleeved sweater, 93s. 6d. All are from Wetherall at Gorrings; Dalys, Glasgow; Beattie, Wolverhampton. Straw boater from Harrods. Cover: Terence Donovan

Postage: Inland, 4½d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 5½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £7 14s.; Six months (including Christmas number), £3 19s.; (without Christmas number) £3 15s.; Three months (no extras) £1 18s. Corresponding rates for Canada: £7 1s., or 20 dollars, 50 cents; £3 12s. 6d., or 10 dollars, 50 cents; £3 8s. 6d., or 10 dollars; £1 14s. 6d., 5 dollars. U.S.A. (dollars) 22.50; 11.50; 11.00; 5.75. Elsewhere abroad: £7 18s. 6d.; £4 1s.; £3 17s. 6d.; £1 19s.

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Grand National, Aintree, 31 March.
Worth Fashion Show, Cranbury Park, Winchester, 7.30 p.m., 31 March, in aid of St. John Ambulance Brigade. (Tickets, £4 single, £7 10s. double, inc. champagne & buffet, from Secretary, Wessex House, 6 Upper High Street, Winchester.)

Dior Dress Show—special showing of the London Summer Collection in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Oaklands Park, Newnham-on-Severn, Glos, 4 April. Opened by the Duchess of Gloucester. (Tickets, The Secretary, Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Cheltenham.)
Bridge Evening, Fishmongers' Hall, 3 April, in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association. (Tickets, £4 4s. a table, from Mrs. Lionel Arthur, D.G.A.A., Vicarage Gate House, W.8.)

Somerset Maugham Collection, private view at Sotheby's prior to sale, 6-8 p.m., 3 April, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. (Tickets, 10s., from Appeals Secretary, R.C.N., Henrietta Place, Cavendish Square, W.1, and at door.)

Spring Antiques Fair, Town Hall, Chelsea, 4 April, to be opened by the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles. (Details, Miss Heather McConnell, HYD 1911.)

Point-to-points, Puckeridge, Bishop's Stortford; Bramham Moor;

Cleveland, Cottesmore, 31 March. Heythrop, Fox Farm, Stow-on-the-Wold, 4 April. Woodland Pytchley, Bingley; Bicester, Warden Hill; Blackmore Vale, Kingsweston; Chiddingfold & Leconfield, Rudwick; Norwich Staghouls, Hethersett; Essex, Hatfield Broad Oak; Hurworth; Grove & Rufford; Pendle Forest, 7 April. Warwickshire, Wellesbourne, 12 April.

Floral Art Exhibition, Pollock House, Glasgow, in aid of the Save The Children Fund, 10, 11 April. (Tickets, inc. morning coffee, 7s. 6d.; inc. afternoon tea, 12s. 6d., from Mrs. William Blyth, 140 Shelley Road, Glasgow, W.2.)

Moth Ball, Peter Jones, Sloane Square, 11 April, in aid of Family Service Units. (Tickets from Sir John Wolfenden, F.S.U., 207 Marylebone Road, N.W.1.)

Scapa! Gala performance, Adelphi Theatre, in aid of the Sea Cadet Corps, 11 April. (Tickets from Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7. FRE 2285.)

Horse Trials: Warwickshire Hunt, 6 April; Badminton Three-Day Trials, 12, 14 April; Grafton Hunt, 16 April.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Liverpool (Aintree), 29-31 March (Grand National 31); Worcester, 31 March; Wye, 2; Sandown (Royal Artillery meeting) 3; Stratford-on-Avon, Wincanton, 5 April. **Flat racing**: Liverpool (Aintree), 29-31 March; Nottingham, 2, 3; Hurst Park, 4, 5; Windsor, 6, 7 April.

BOAT RACE

Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Putney to Mortlake, 7 April.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 7.30 p.m., tonight & 31 March, 2.15 p.m., 31 March, 7 April; *Dances Concertantes*, *Giselle*, 7.30 p.m., 3 April; *Dances Concertantes*, *Persephone*, *Don Quixote* (pas de deux), *Diversions*, 7.30 p.m., 6, 10 April. (cov 1066.)



ERICH AUERBACH

Sir William Walton, who will be 60 tomorrow, is seen backstage at Covent Garden where his only opera *Troilus & Cressida* was mounted in 1954. His popular fame lies in the youthful *Façaade*, the choral *Beshazzar's Feast* (considered too difficult for a choir to sing in 1931), his theme music for Sir Laurence Olivier's *Shakespeare* films, and his music for the *Coronation*

Covent Garden Opera. *La Traviata*, 29 March, 4, 7 April; *Rigoletto*, 30 March, 2 April; *Fidelio*, 5 April. All 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. L.S.O., cond. Sir Eugene Goossens, soloist Leon Goossens (oboe), 8 p.m., 30 March; L.S.O., cond. Hugo Rignold, soloist Nikita Magaloff (piano), 8 p.m., 31 March. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Herbert von Karajan, 8 p.m. 6, 7 April; 7.30 p.m., 8 April. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Sonja Henie-Neils Onstad Collection of modern paintings. Tate Gallery, to 8 April.

International Art Treasures, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 29 April. (See *Collector's Commentary*, page 768.)

Eileen Agar paintings, Brook Street Gallery, to 5 April.

Keith Vaughan paintings, 1942-1962, Whitechapel Gallery, to 27 April.

Anne Redpath paintings, Lefevre Gallery, to 6 April.

Michael Dean paintings, Rawinsky

Gallery, Newburgh Street, to 12 April.

Anthony Atkinson paintings, The Minories, High Street, Colchester, to 14 April.

Girtin Collection watercolours, Royal Academy, to 29 April.

Painters Of The Bauhaus, Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, and New London Gallery, to end of month. (See *Galleries*, page 762.)

FIRST NIGHTS

Lyric Theatre. *Write Me A Murder*, tonight.

Unity Theatre. *The Life Of Kaggos*, 30 March.

Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. *The Scatterin'*, 2 April.

Phoenix Theatre. *Look Homeward, Angel*, 3 April.

Saville Theatre. *Karmon Israeli Dancers*, 3 April.

Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. *The Last Ally*, 3 April.

Garrick Theatre. *Two Stars For Comfort*, 4 April.

Haymarket Theatre. *The School For Scandal*, 5 April.

Old Vic. *Macbeth*, 6 April.

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PARIS POINT OF VIEW AT

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LATE

Iain Crawford

Room with a view

ONE OF LONDON'S MOST OPULENT AND GLAMOROUS NIGHTSPOTS IS nowhere near the West End but a good 10 miles east from Piccadilly Circus at Ilford where Mr. Jack Gibson has built **The Room At The Top** 110 feet up in the massive Harrison Gibson store. To my mind it is one of the most exotic and dramatic cabaret restaurants in Europe. The glass-sided bar has the best view in London—a vast jewelled carpet spread out in the night towards floodlit St. Paul's—I found myself thinking of the Rainbow Room on top of Rockefeller Center with its similar panorama of New York. The service is good, too. You arrive in your car at the canopied entrance at street level and there are no parking problems. An attendant takes care of that—whisking the car away and bringing it back to the door when you leave.

Outside the bar with its decor of crystal chandeliers and a tropical bird aviary is a vine-hung terrace for open-air dining and drinking in appropriate weather. The dining-room is elegant with more elaborate chandeliers, a glass wall giving yet another exciting view, Regency striped chairs and attentive red-jacketed waiters. Surprisingly the dance floor is not of the postage-stamp variety but roomy enough to avoid chipped ankles or the usually inevitable sardine shuffle. The menu is also a surprise; the basic charge is 37s. 6d. which includes dancing and cabaret and a good selection of dishes from the *table d'hôte* menu. For modest additional prices you can substitute some of the *à la carte* specialities for your set meal. The cabaret at present is in the

capable and entertaining hands of Paddy Roberts who, with his piano, enlivens the proceedings considerably with his own songs including the famous *Ballad of Bethnal Green*, a splendid wry take-off of *The Room At The Top* and some highly practical love songs. When Mr. Roberts goes off to do a B.B.C. series at the end of this month his place is being taken by a revue presented by William Donaldson, who produced *Beyond The Fringe*. This one is to be called *On The Way To The Top* and will list satire as one of its main attractions.

By the beginning of April, *The Room At The Top* will have a late licence and the gaiety will go on until 2 a.m. with special late suppers served. All this makes Ilford "The Suburb Most Likely to be Visited After Dark" as they would say in America.



Paddy Roberts is singing at *The Room At The Top*, Ilford



TO EAT

John Baker White

Sawdust on the stairs

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table.

The Contented Sole, 19 Exhibition Road (1½ minutes from South Kensington Station). KNI 8359. Being old enough to have enjoyed the original, I can say that this is a creditable replica of an Edwardian fish parlour, with marble top tables and waiters topped with straw hats downstairs—not forgetting the cast of the 28 lb. salmon taken by H. M. Jonas from the River Lyon on January 19, 1912—and sawdust on the stairs to the upper Victoria Room where Mr. "Fingers" Pennywick-Smythe entertains at the pianoforte. But it is not all atmosphere; there is good cooking as well. For 14s. 6d. I ate an Edwardian meal—soused herring with brown bread & butter, a bountiful plate of fried skate & chips, a properly cooked slice of baked jam roll, and a half pint mug of well-made coffee to go with it. Splendid tommy for a bitter night. Smoked haddock with eggs, grilled kippers and fish cakes are a speciality of the parlour. W.B. for the Victoria Room. And if you want to eat at home? Yes, they will sell you fish to take away.

The Steak & Chop House, 40/41 Haymarket (top end). WHI 6600. Open from 5.30 p.m. in the evenings and midday, also Sundays. Same ownership as Garners, the sea-food people in Wardour Street. Original and pleasant two-level layout, bringing the traditional chop-house up to date. Out of the ordinary lighting and cane back chairs. The main dishes are steaks and chops, with eight special steak dishes. First course costs from 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d., main course 8s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.; Irish coffee at 4s. 6d. is good. Wines, vintage and otherwise, are reasonably priced; you can drink well for about 22s. 6d. per bottle. I liked the way the food was served, e.g. a slotted board for the avocado pear with shrimps, an elm bowl for the salad, and the chop properly decorated. Better ventilation over the grill is needed,

to keep the smell out of the room—and one's clothes. **W.B. Howard Hotel** restaurant, Norfolk Street, Strand. (TEM 4400.) This is a useful restaurant to remember should you have business in the Law Courts, the Temple or thereabouts. The restaurant is a long, spacious room, and the *table d'hôte* menu offers a generous choice of dishes. There is also a quite extensive *à la carte* menu. The cooking is mainly straightforward and British. W.B. luncheon.

Wine note

Reporting to Mr. Geoffrey Nobes, managing director of Hatch Mansfield's, M. Louis Jadot says: "*The White Burgundies*. They are splendid. 1961 will prove to have been a wonderful quality vintage. The wines are elegant, not as heavy as those of 1959, but more reminiscent of 1950, and in general will be ready for drinking in the spring of 1963. The wines of Pouilly were exceptionally good. *The Red Burgundies*. In 1961 they were good, in fact some were very good indeed, but not as fine as those of the fabulous 1959. At the present time they are undergoing their secondary fermentation. Their colour is excellent, and they have not too much acidity. The wines of Beaujolais are superb—much more characteristic of the area than they were in 1959, when they were bigger and more of the style of the wines from the Côte-d'Or. Again, however, as with the white wines, the quantity was small. Only about half the harvest of a normal average vintage was gathered." In M. Jadot's opinion, three big successive vintages of good average quality are needed to bring down the present high prices.

... and a reminder

Medici, 7 George Street, Baker Street. (WEL 9370.) Neither the restaurant nor the wine list nor the menu are large, but all have a personality of their own.

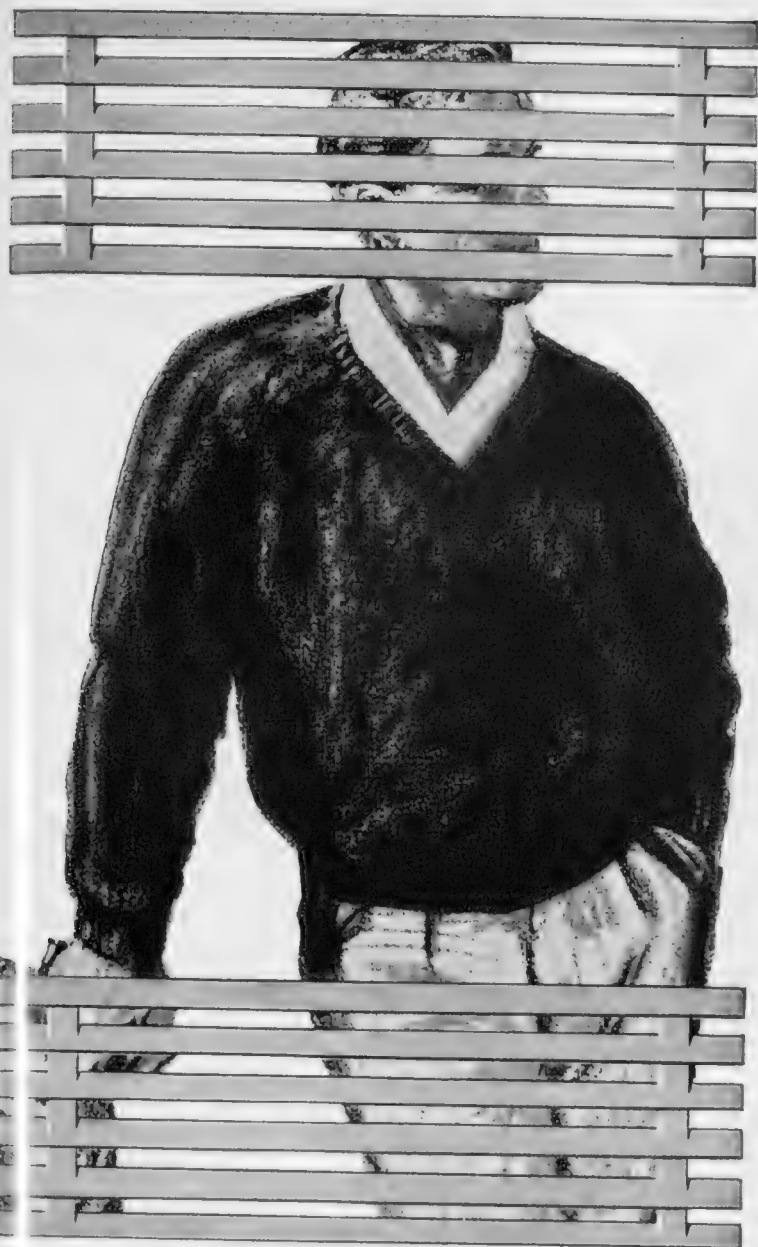
Hugo's, 12/14 Glentworth Street (near Baker Street Station). WEL 8013. A good Italian restaurant, specializing in Italian wines.

Antonio's, Long Acre. (TEM 7911.) Genuinely Spanish, the food, the

wine, the guitar playing, the singing and the dancing.

Bella Roma, 200 Shaftesbury Avenue. (TEM 0862.) Small, friendly, specializing in Roman dishes.

The Poor Millionaire, 158 Bishopsgate. (BIS 9333.) Luncheon only. A challenge to all other City restaurants.



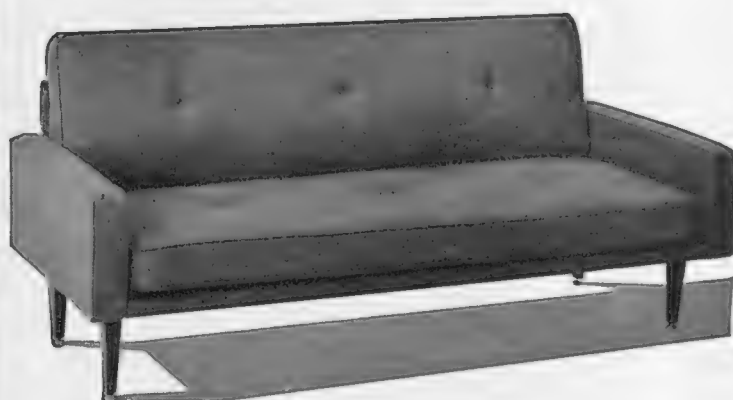
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Jerusalem the golden

I IMAGINE THAT MOST PEOPLE WHO VISIT THE MIDDLE EAST ARE BETTER acquainted with the Bible, or at least with the church hymnal, than they are with ancient history. At any rate, as we flew out of Cairo over the Sinai desert and the Red Sea (startlingly aquamarine in the golden sand) to Jerusalem, snatches of hymn tunes ran insistently through my head. I was obviously not the only person to be affected: one passenger actually gave us a vocal rendering of *Jerusalem the golden* as he stepped off the aircraft. Jerusalem, with all its mental and Biblical connotations, is inevitably a place one visits armed with a few preconceptions. In retrospect, I wonder just what I had expected of it. But first, perhaps, I should say what I found. It is only during the last few minutes of the flight that the desert landscape changes, and stony olive terraces, and ochre hillsides with grass so scattered that it looks like chopped parsley, proclaim this cooler but more fertile land of Jordan. Should you be lucky enough to meet any Jordanians, you will find a striking difference of character, too, between them and either the Egyptians or the Lebanese. Jordanians argue like the Irish about politics and anything else they can find to argue about. One is entertained to an endless relay of *mezze* and pistachio nuts, washed down by liberal quantities of Scotch (cheaper in Jordan than in the U.K.), and to other manifestations of hospitality that run through every Arab country I have visited. An Australian pilot in our group shrugged helplessly as, once again, our hosts picked up the check.

My bedroom window in the Ambassadors Hotel looked partly over the old city that belongs to Jordan and partly over the now forbidden land of Israel, a few yards across the street. In one school, I was told, a mere barbed wire separates the two countries. Crossing into Israel by the Mendebaum gate is perfectly feasible, but one may not re-enter any Arab country on the same passport.

The majority of the historic sights are on the Jordanian side: Bethlehem, the Mount of Olives, Gethsemane and the Via Doloroso leading up to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and the colourful, spotlessly clean market streets of the old city. The sight that stays in my mind is that of the Temple of Jerusalem, with the Mount of Olives framed in its golden stone archways. And those two loveliest of mosques within the Temple itself: the Dome of the Rock and the El-Asqua. The first of these was hallowed by Abraham's offer of his son, Isaac, and the original Rock, glass framed, is beneath the dome. In the El-Asqua Mosque, the spaciousness of marble and rose-coloured limestone pillars gives the impression of an exquisite floating canopy. Hours could be spent looking at mosaics made from mother of pearl and ivory inlaid in Lebanese cedar-wood; mosaics of Byzantine blue and gold; a rose window that remains from the Crusader occupation, and a pulpit brought by Saladin from Aleppo in the 12th century.

I only wish that this same dignity, richness and elegance characterised the Christian churches. In the most important of them, such as Bethlehem's Church of the Nativity and Jerusalem's Holy Sepulchre, the fault lies in the fact that five different sects—Greek and Armenian Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Syrian and Coptic—vie with each other in an often tasteless opulence of doll-like Madonnas and artificial flowers, contriving very nearly a supermarket of the Christian faith. And, for the most part, their 19th-century successors are no better, aesthetically speaking.

One cannot help but compare these monuments of the holiest part of the world with the works of art and imagination that characterise the great Italian churches and monasteries such as La Verna and Assisi. Strangely enough the most satisfying church is the newest, completed only in 1923: the Church of Gethsemane, sited over the Garden. It is known also as the Church of the Nations in that 40 nations contributed to and are represented in it, but clearly under some single guiding hand.



There is no lack of harmony, however, in the buildings: old or new, they are all built in the same lovely pale golden stone that may well have given the city its name. And it is indeed a most beautiful city, built on a series of cypress clad hills and olive terraces, blossoming in spring with almonds and later with white lilies and scarlet poppies.

The great flock of visitors to Jerusalem is naturally at Christmas and Easter, and for these dates the two best new hotels, the Ambassadors and the National, are booked for months in advance. But right through the summer the climate remains fresh and pleasant and, though there are no oases of sophisticated living as in Cairo or Beirut, Jordan offers beautiful and rewarding country to tour. The journey via the north shores of the Dead Sea, over the Hills of Moab to Amman, takes less than two hours (or a 15-minute flight.)

Amman, in ancient times Philadelphia, is the base for visiting one of the least known of the classical sites, Jerash, some 90 minutes drive northwards on the main Damascus road. Beautifully set in the mountains of Gilead, this early Roman city covers at least a couple of square miles. It belonged, like Palmyra and Petra, to the powerful Decapolis, which might be compared with the much later Hanseatic League of independent trading cities in Northern Europe. Jerash was, to judge by its remains, exceedingly rich. A huge colonnaded forum, still perfectly preserved, leads through the street of columns to the fountains and cathedral place, then on to the golden, gracious temple of Artemis. As a far more graphic picture of a city than most of those remaining, I would compare it only with Ephesus. The drive to it is glorious, through some of the lushest and loveliest parts of Jordan.

But perhaps the most exciting place in Jordan, unique indeed in the world, is Petra. And of that I shall write next week. The Petra Taxi Co., in Amman, sell seats for only 7s. a head on daily runs to and from Jerusalem. United Arab Airlines link Cairo to Jerusalem; Middle East Airline links Beirut with Jerusalem; and Jordanian Airlines ply between Jerusalem and Amman, Amman and Beirut, and Amman/Cairo. All of these carriers operate nicely serviced Viscounts, and average single flights cost £8, with the exception of the brief flight Amman/Jerusalem.



Above: *The ruined Temple of Artemis and (below) the Forum, both at Jerash*

Left: *Jerusalem with the Dome of the Rock in the foreground*





PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX LOW

GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

Above: At the U.S. Embassy the Vanguard exhibition of American paintings is ranged in a continuous sequence from the Grosvenor Square entrance through the library and auditorium to the Brook Street entrance. The 84 paintings will be shown in Germany next month. Below: At the Victoria & Albert Museum the International Art Treasures exhibition comprises more than 500 pieces displayed in a specially designed setting. Albert Adair writes about some of them on page 768



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THE TATLER
28 MARCH 1962

A BALL AT BLENHEIM



On the tapestry the great Duke of Marlborough retains his calm and the control of the battle while in the ballroom the trombones blare and the ubiquitous Twist convulses the dancers. The setting is Blenheim Palace where the active Oxford Conservative Association held its Spring Ball. Turn overleaf for more pictures at Blenheim by Barry Swaebe and the start of Muriel Bowen's weekly column on people and places

A BALL AT BLENHEIM CONTINUED



MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

No problem
with croquet

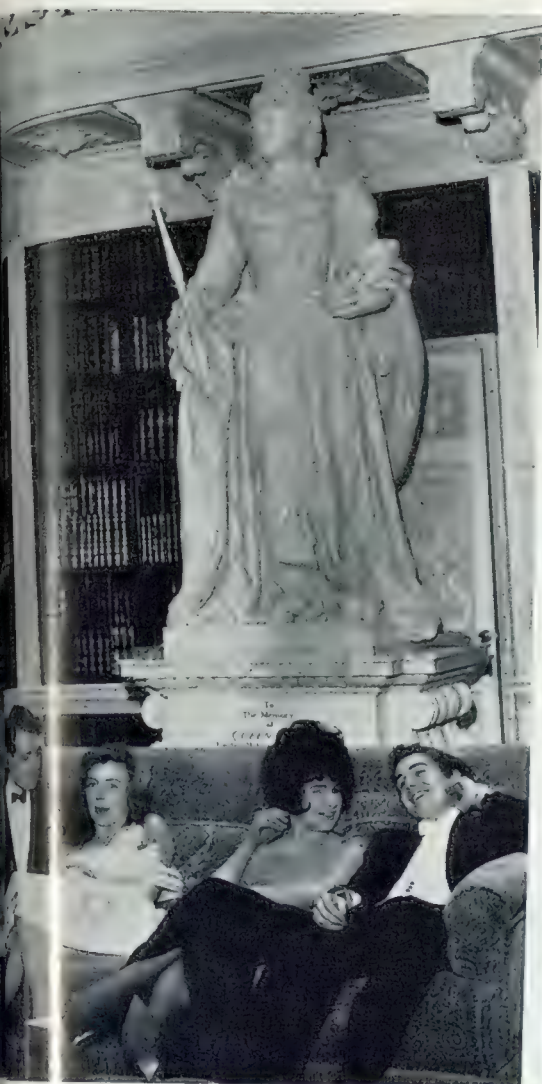
MOST LOVED OF ENGLISH VISITORS TO JAMAICA is Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who celebrated her 79th birthday there a few weeks ago. She is a dedicated Chancellor of the University, often making unscheduled visits, and she also has a huge circle of friends out there who enjoy having her to stay and giving parties for her. The Princess's visit this year was viewed with a certain amount of personal anxiety by her friends; there was some hard thinking at King's House, the Governor's residence, some furrowed brows along the North Coast. And all because Princess Alice, arriving on a banana boat as usual, came on this occasion without a lady-in-waiting. Who, they wondered, would accompany her on those energetic walks she likes? Those who know Princess Alice well

also know that her ladies-in-waiting are always excellent walkers; and Jamaica, being hot and hilly, isn't the sort of place you walk for hours unless you've kept in training by regularly slogging around England. Happily, Jamaica's Governor, Sir Kenneth Blackburne, with that resource so typical of the Colonial Office in a jam, came up with a happy compromise. Before the Princess had time to suggest a walk, the Governor suggested croquet. The Princess, who had never played before, fell for it at once, and I'm told she turned out a very enthusiastic player. The Princess's next stopping-place on her round-the-world voyage is Australia, where she is due any day now to stay with her son-in-law and daughter, Col. Sir Henry & Lady May Abel Smith. Her son-in-law, who is Governor of Queensland, lists hunting, shooting, fishing and polo among his recreations. He's not a croquet player, nor is he a great walker, but I won't be surprised if he takes a tip from King's House, Jamaica, about entertaining his mother-in-law.

NEWS FROM BERMUDA

It was late afternoon when I landed in Bermuda. The sun was like a giant peach melba

and I could see tiny, pink-washed, white-roofed houses nestling in clusters of trees. Bermuda is one of the loveliest of islands, though I wish they had special narrow motor cars, something like those fringe-topped surreys they have in Naples, instead of large American and English cars which miss each other by fractions on the narrow, winding roads. The temperature was 70, a good 10 degrees cooler than the Bahamas and Jamaica. It was perfect weather for golf and all the hotel lobbies were stacked with clubs, the British-owned ones in their workmanlike bags and the American clubs with their "personalized" and initialed covers. Sir Humphrey & the Hon. Lady de Trafford, and Sir Harold & Lady Zia Wernher were at the Mid-Ocean Club and playing golf most days on the club's famous course. Members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, as well as parliamentarians from the U.S. and Canada were at the Bermudiana Hotel, in Hamilton. This is one of the island's biggest and newest hotels which was completed two years ago. It belongs to Sir Harold Wernher. Miss Catherine Horsman, Lady Horsman's daughter, who came out two years ago, and is one of the social hostesses at the Bermudiana, didn't have to worry about providing entertainment for the



Richard Goddard, Miss Angela Whatley, Miss Mary Macrae and Mr. Nicholas Halpin



Left: Miss Suzanne Stibel, Mr. Robert Barneby, Miss Mary Clemmey and Mr. Philip Howard. Above: Mr. Mark Stephens and Miss Elizabeth Hurst



Miss Caroline Grahame Porter and Viscount Torrington



Miss Sarah Peel and Mr. Michael Heathcoat Amory



The Earl and Countess of Kinnoull

parliamentarians. Though no Bermudians in their sane senses go swimming before late April, **Viscount Hailsham** was in every morning before breakfast. There were also some snorkel expeditions, the Leader of the Opposition, **Mr. Gaitskell**, arriving with a snorkling outfit tied on to his baggage. Himself an adept, he was able to lend a helping hand to the **Earl of Dundee**, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, a bit of inter-party co-operation which greatly impressed the Americans. Writing of sport, the thing that everybody talked about was the forthcoming Newport-Bermuda race, due to take place in early summer. An entry of 150, the biggest ever, is expected, and there will be about five or six boats from England. When the Queen & Prince Philip bought the racing yacht **Bloodhound** an invitation to take part was immediately dispatched from Bermuda. Sadly though for the Bermudians, the yacht will not have her refit completed in time to take part.

NEW NIGHT SPOT

The rendezvous of the boats off Hamilton is one of the great sights in yachting, and the reception for the 2,000 yachtsmen taking part

is a social highspot on the island. Though English yachts race to Bermuda the Bermudians are seldom seen in England; still, some of the Dragon helmsmen (unfortunately without their boats) hope to come to Cowes Week this year and get some sailing from friends. I visited Mr. & Mrs. **John Fountain** at Willoughby, their house above the rocks at Bailey's Bay. Tireless in entertaining English visitors and showing off the delights of Bermuda, they took me to the opening of **The Forty Thieves**, the island's newest night spot, all done in Caribbean colours with amusing murals depicting life in a Saudi-Arabian palace. Afterwards we went on to dinner at the **Carlton Beach Hotel** at Southampton which looks out to sea towards the **Gibbs Hill Lighthouse**. This is modern interior decorating at its best. I liked particularly the dining-room in shades of aquamarine, mauve and violet.

WHITE HOUSE PARTIES

Stopping briefly in the United States on my way home, Mrs. Kennedy's entertaining at the White House was the great topic of discussion. A year or so ago there were some hard comments when Mrs. Kennedy imported a French chef to

the White House, and then started giving diplomatic dinners at Mount Vernon, the old home of George Washington, which some Americans look on with such reverence that they think it should not be used for something like a party. Now that is all forgotten. The only complaint is that the Kennedys are responsible for Washington taking the social limelight from New York. The President & Mrs. Kennedy recently had their third dinner-dance at the White House since he took office. There were about 100 guests and it was given for the President's sister Mrs. **Stephen Smith** and her husband. It was all very different from when I knew the White House under the Eisenhower administration. Mrs. Kennedy did the Twist with the Secretary of Defense, **Mr. Robert McNamara**, who is known to his Cabinet colleagues as "The Brain" and who used to be Mr. Henry Ford's head man in Detroit. She retired at 3 a.m., but it was two hours later before the President was showing out the last of the guests.

The Kennedys delighted culture conscious Washington some months ago by having Pablo Casals to play at the White House. But the Kennedy clan, always restless to think up

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

GOING SHARES WITH STOCKS

The Army and the Stock Exchange staged a joint point-to-point at Tweseldown near Aldershot



Miss Diana Paget and her father, Mr. Edward Paget, president of the Stock Exchange point-to-point. Top: Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. J. F. Metcalfe



Mr. R. D. Edwards won the Stock Exchange Point-to-Point Club race on his father's horse

MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

something new, have decided to get behind a big charity function, the first time that's been done by White House occupants. The opening night of Irving Berlin's new musical, *Mr. President*, is to be at Washington in the autumn. It will be a charity affair in aid of the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Institute and the Kennedy Child Study Centre. Tickets: £35 each. Mrs. **Robert Kennedy**, wife of the Attorney General, & Mrs. Stephen Smith are the co-chairmen, and the **Hon. Lady Ormsby-Gore**, wife of our Ambassador, is allowing the use of the Embassy for a champagne supper after the show. I returned to England in the comfort of one of B.O.A.C.'s Britannia aircraft, sleeping most of the way. The Atlantic must be the best air route in the world. I have never known it to be anything except dead calm.

SMALL DAY FOR THE IRISH

Back home there were plenty of exciting finishes at the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham, and what a crowd!

The Queen had one of her rare visits to a steeplechase meeting, travelling down from Paddington on the race special with the Queen Mother. The **Duke & Duchess of Beaufort** were in the Royal Box with them, also **Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke**, and **Capt. Frank & Lady Avice Spicer**. Others racing were, **Gen. Lord Ismay & Lady Ismay**, **Major & Mrs. Gerald Gundry**, **Lady Mary Lyon**, **Major & Mrs. Peter Borwick**, **Col. & Mrs. P. R. Davies-Cooke**, the **Hon. Mrs. Rupert Watson**, **Lord & Lady Joicey**, and **Mrs. Bassie Gilbey**, who told me that her husband had injured his hand when his horse tripped over some wire with the V.W.H. (Bathurst). Horse and rider are having the same short wave treatment, something which is proving as successful as it is unusual. Celebrations are a great feature of Cheltenham. Mrs. **Fulke Walwyn** and her sister, the **Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken** had a cocktail party followed by a buffet supper to celebrate the Champion Hurdle win of Anzio, the flying grey trained by Mr. Walwyn. The horse's owner **Sir Thomas Ainsworth** was there, also **Lady Ainsworth**. Next day the Walwyn celebrations continued for the Gold Cup win of **Mme. Kilian Hennessy's** Mandarin. This party overflowed the Malt Shovel, the Walwyns' local pub at Lambourn and the scene of many a previous celebration for Mandarin. Mme. Hennessy and many of the Walwyns' friends as well as jockeys and stable lads joined in. With the favourites failing most of the parties were spur-of-the-moment affairs. Mr. & Mrs. **Laurie Morgan** went out to dinner with their friends, Mr. & Mrs. **Richard Edmondson** and Mr. **G. T. Maughan**, after Colledge Master's win of the Foxhunters. For the so successful Morgans it was a surprise win. Two weeks before while at exercise a huge elm tree fell behind Colledge Master. He ran away, crashing on a road and cutting his knees badly.

DANCING AT THE GRANGE

Increasingly hunt balls take place during the big race meetings. The Ledbury held one at floodlit Dymock Grange, home of Mrs. C. **Husey** on the eve of the Gold Cup. "We thought it would be a good idea, especially in view of all the people who have house parties and wonder what to do with them in the evenings," Mrs. **William Farmer** told me. Those who didn't wonder but took them to the hunt ball included **Capt. & Mrs. Robin Hoare**, and Mr. & Mrs. **Alan Cadbury**, whose party included their pretty daughter, **Joanna**. Mrs. Farmer's shrewd assessment proved absolutely right. In the end about 100 people had to be disappointed over tickets. At midnight the lights fused but the darkness didn't last long enough for some people. **Lt. Christopher Chamberlen**, R.N., booed when they came on again! But Mr. **M. P. Price** was glad. "Now I shall be able to recognize my friends," he said. Mr. Price, was one of the most staunch supporters of foxhunting when it was under heavy fire a few years ago. He grows the finest trees in Gloucestershire and for many years was the local M.P. (Labour). Many people have wondered if his political views would affect the future of his fine place at Taynton, but he tells me not. "I'm a good Socialist but one can't but be fond of one's children, and I've already made the place over to them," he told me. "M.P.," as his friends call him, is a great character and a loss to Parliament. Others dancing that night were **Finola Lady Somers** and that useful pair of girls, **Miss Jackie Thompson** and **Miss Mary Pudge**. When the whipper-in had 'flu earlier in the season they took on his job in turn.

... AND AT BLENHEIM

Blenheim Palace was hard pressed when the Oxford University Tories moved in to hold a ball, with the showplace room where Sir Winston Churchill was born piled high with overcoats. The ball's success meant congratulations in plenty for **Miss Gillian Serraro** of Somerville and Mr. **Colin Craig** of Corpus Christi, the organizers. For Miss Serraro college life is mainly occupied with maths, but she's best known in university circles as the successful organizer of balls. She's got talent indeed, for whether it's the Tories or the refugees she always makes a profit. The profits of £170 on this occasion don't appear to be very large. But then, undergraduates' jazz bands are no longer the cheap things they used to be. Undergraduates like (though they don't admit to) their affluence like everybody else. The five-piece band cost £45 "and free drinks." Then there was the heating of the state rooms for the night. The Duke of Marlborough warned that it would cost, "a fortune." In fact it cost £100. Mr. **Tony Hart** of New College and the president of the association was very pleased with the profits. I'm told that they were just what clever Miss Serraro had calculated in advance.

THE LEDBURY DANCES

The Ledbury Hunt Ball was held at The Old Grange, Dymock, in Gloucestershire

Mr. M. Philips Price, a former M.P., with Mrs. N. Gidlow-Jackson



Left: Mrs. Nimrod Champion with Mrs. Christina Husey, the hostess. Below: Captain & Mrs. R. Hoare. He is a joint-Master of the Ledbury



Mr. & Mrs. Wyndham Rogers-Collman. Right: Mr. D. L. C. Hodges, joint-Master, with Mrs. Julia Hutton



Mr. Christopher Chamberlen with Miss Joanna Cadbury

THE BRIDE AT HOLY TRINITY

Miss Anne Christine Peto Bennett, daughter of Mr. C. Peto Bennett & Fru Farnes, married Mr. Richard Baker Wilbraham, son of Sir Randle Baker Wilbraham, Bt., & Lady Baker Wilbraham at Brompton



Left: Mrs. C. W. Roundell, Mrs. James Friend & the Countess of Chichester. Far left: Miss Victoria Wilson and the Hon. Victoria Lever, daughter of Viscount & Viscountess Leverhulme, at the Hyde Park Hotel reception



*Lord & Lady Tollemache.
Right: Mrs. Alan Tritton &
Mr. Nigel Parker*



*Mr. H. J. Riddervold and
Mrs. E. Mitsen came from
Norway. With them, Mrs.
A. P. Peto Bennett. Above
left: Viscount & Viscountess
Leverhulme*



*From left: The bridegroom's
mother, Lady Baker
Wilbraham. The bride's
grandmother, Mrs. Peto
Bennett. The bride & bride-
groom leave for the honeymoon*



MAN OF KENT

For his 70th birthday Lord Cornwallis received an unusual present—the Freedom of Maidstone. It was given him for services to Kent—he has been Lord Lieutenant since 1944 and as a cricketer captained the county in the seasons of 1924, '25 and '26. He and Lady Cornwallis live at Ashurst Park, Tunbridge Wells, Barry Swaebe photographed them. For Kent busy times lie ahead, the Government plans to include a large slice of the county in the new London area in 1965 but the Lord Lieutenancy will remain

Lord Kilbracken

The Bolshoi v. the Garden

I HAVE BEEN TWICE IN RECENT YEARS TO SEE *Swan Lake*. The second time was just the other day, when I took Lisa and Vanessa, who are two of my special girl friends, to a Covent Garden *matinée*. We met in the foyer as arranged 10 minutes before the curtain. I found them in a state of great anticipatory excitement; though they are both dancers of no small skill, it was the first time either of them had ever seen this ballet. Lisa was wearing the blue-&-white dress I gave her as a Christmas present, with white stockings and a scarlet headband. Vanessa, pony-tailed for the occasion, was in white with *appliqué* daffodils. We made our way hand-in-hand to Row Q of the stalls where, after some debate, I was awarded the middle seat (so that they could *both* tell me, in detail, what the ballet was about). Lisa, who is nine, was on my left, and Vanessa, who is seven, was on my right. It was as the house-lights dimmed that I found myself thinking how different were my circumstances on that safe London afternoon from those of the last occasion on which I'd seen this ballet. It had been in Moscow at the Bolshoi. After a couple of weeks of hard reporting, I had resolutely decided to take the evening off, disregarding the professional risk that Mr. Khrushchev would throw a fit, or send a rocket to the moon, while I was cut off in the theatre from the outside world. I went with John Bryson, a talented American cameraman who was there for *Time-Life*; he had become a close friend, but his appeal was rather different from that of my present companions. We had managed to acquire from Intourist the last two tickets—a few are set aside for foreign visitors—and the theatre, which is beautiful, was already packed when we entered.

A Covent Garden *matinée* is almost a children's party; herds of them, in spick-&-span school uniforms and grey flannel hats with badges, had been shepherded to their seats by anxious mistresses, and there were many family groups. There were no children, I think, at the Bolshoi; the audience, rather, was adult and

serious—and absolutely enthralled. (Incidentally, almost all were working class and came in their working clothes; I felt *outré* in a tie.) The theatre was filled with expectancy. And then, as the lights dimmed, which was why I now remembered it, there was a sudden roar of applause; I assumed this was for the conductor, till I saw that everyone was looking towards the central gangway. Two latecomers, I noticed, were slipping in (in the well-known manner of latecomers) and making their way to their seats in the seventh row of the stalls. This they had tried to accomplish without attracting attention. They had failed to do so. They were Khrushchev and Mao Tse-Tung.

"Vanessa! Vanessa! The lights are going down," said Lisa at this instant, in what I may euphemistically call a stage whisper, and there was a good round of clapping for the conductor, Emmanuel Young, as just the top of his head appeared for a moment in view. Roshdestvenski, his opposite number in Moscow, had been rapturously greeted, though with less enthusiasm, I fear, than Khrushchev and his friend. The Bolshoi audience had then at once settled into perfect and absolute silence. The overture at Covent Garden, as an improvised accompaniment, had the susurrus of many chocolate wrappings, and a whispering *motif* which can be typified by the phrase: "Why doesn't the curtain go up, Mummy?" (But Lisa and Vanessa were not guilty.)

I do not think that the Moscow production was in fact much more impressive, taking everything into account, including the fact that an evening performance is a more serious occasion than a *matinée*. What perhaps made it seem so was that real life in Moscow, to which I'd become conditioned, is so fearfully grey and drab that just about *any* show would seem brilliant by comparison. And the dancing, decor, music, were in any case first class. Furthermore I have to admit that Timofeva, who danced Odette-Odile, turned in a performance more movingly perfect than I can ever

hope to see again. On the other hand, there were inexplicable Russian *naïvetés*, as when, for example, illuminated swan images were projected from time to time, in magic lantern style, on to a screen at the back of the stage.

Khrushchev and Mao Tse-Tung scuttled out of the auditorium as the curtain fell on Act I, to be regaled during the interval in some inner sanctum, together with the group of V.I.P.s, including such as Gromyko and Mikoyan, who had been watching the ballet from the Stalin box (as the former royal box was then still known—perhaps it has now been rechristened). Not till they were safely out of the way could the rest of us leave our seats. John and I then promptly adjourned to the bar, which was like a station waiting-room, and packed solid with laughing people, drinking tea-&-lemon or vodka, and busily munching sandwiches—caviare or smoked salmon. We had two glasses of champagne each (which is called in Russian *champanski*). The bar at Covent Garden was, by comparison, both spacious and gracious; we purchased egg-&-cress sandwiches, and orangeade, and ices, in considerable quantities and without having to fight for them. We were summoned by bells to our seats. In Moscow no one is admitted once the conductor is on his rostrum, but an exception was made in the case of Khrushchev and Mao, who again sneaked in at the last moment. My two young ladies (in London) sat enthralled, with only occasional whispered interrogations. We moved happily towards the apotheosis, eating chocolate peppermints. At the Bolshoi, after the final curtain-call, all the exits were locked for five or ten minutes to allow Khrushchev and party to make a safe getaway. There was no such hold-up at Covent Garden; once we had found coats and gloves and purses—which, however, took rather more than a moment—we could bundle into the street and make our way to the Underground. "I thought it was simply lovely!" said the two girls in unison. "So did I," I replied. I *do* prefer London.

THE PARTY PLANNERS

Report by Angela Ince, photograph by David Sim

Mrs. Michael Barker, like most women, prefers cooking for dinner parties to routine family meals. She and her husband - he is in shipping - give a dinner party about once a week in their Kensington flat overlooking a quiet square.

THE SETTING

A large dining-room, with grey and silver wallpaper that shimmers in candlelight. The oblong table can seat up to 12, and quite often does. Essential extra for hostesses who cook and serve for themselves - a serving hatch through to the kitchen.

THE ATMOSPHERE

"If we have more than eight people to dinner, the men usually wear dinner jackets; I think it makes them sit up, make more effort. We always leave the men at the end of the meal - after-dinner gossiping with the women is almost the easiest part of the evening. I haven't a clue what the men talk about - shop, I suppose."

SERVICE

"With six people I do everything myself - for ten or twelve, though, I get someone in to help with the cooking. In any case, we do all the serving ourselves."

I decide what food we're going to have the day before, and plan it all in my mind, which I think is half the battle. On the day itself I do as much as possible in the morning - shop, lay the table, cook anything that can be kept waiting. I like to get everything to zero readiness before lunch, then there's no panic around 6 o'clock - with a young baby to look after, you can't do much in the afternoon, anyway.

CELLAR

"I leave all the wine side of it to my husband. I tell him what we're going to eat, and he decides. Living in a flat, of course, we haven't got room to store much. At the moment I like a Nuit St. Georges."

GUESTS' GUIDE

"Whether I'm going out as a guest myself, or having people in, I think a guest should contribute something to the evening. But it's up to the hostess to provide the kind of relaxed atmosphere people find it easy to talk in."

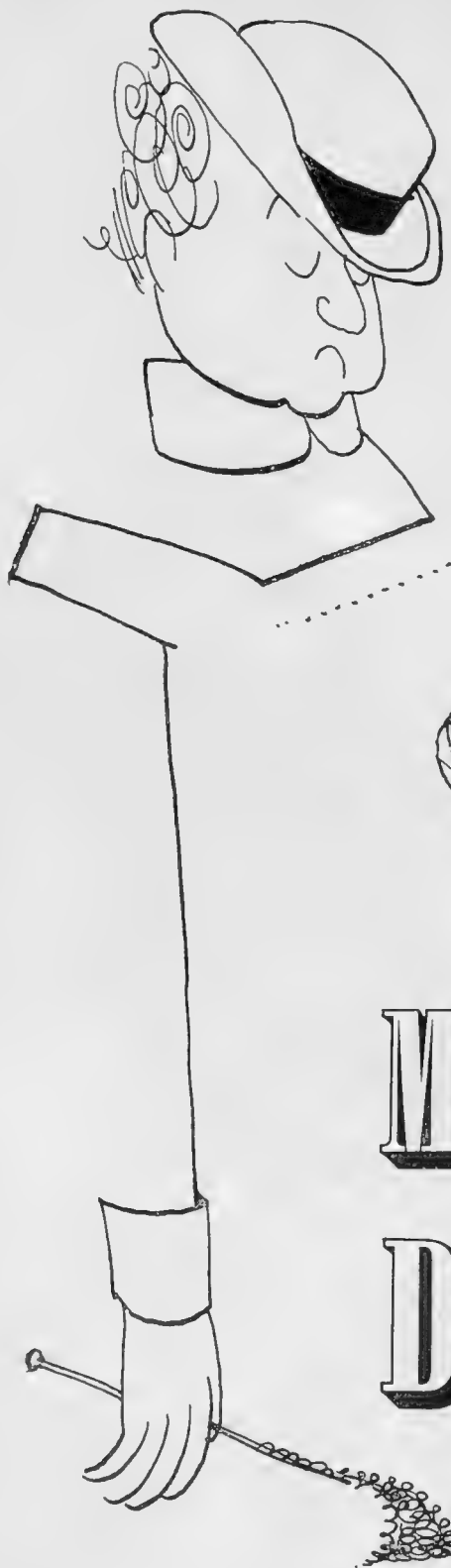
VITAL KITCHEN GADGET

"Onion chopper, I should think. I love onions, but don't much like finding lumps of them in the food."

SPECIALITY OF THE HOUSE

"I like things that can be cooked in the morning, heated up in the evening. This fish soup, for instance, can be completed except for the last detail and put aside until you're ready for it: bring to the boil six carcasses (bones and heads) of plaice with an onion, a bayleaf and peppercorns in about three pints of water. Simmer until reduced by a third. Strain the stock and boil in it the whites of three leeks and about a pound of potatoes. Add salt and pepper to taste, and a dash of saffron. Sieve the soup when the potatoes and leeks are cooked, and add two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley and two packets of peeled prawns. Reheat gently, and just before serving add a liaison of two yolks of egg and two tablespoons of cream."

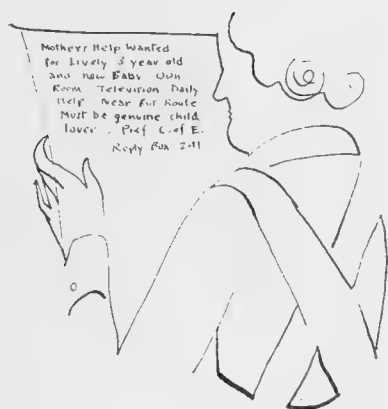




MOTHER to DOZENS

Nannies like to stalk through
Daniel Neals look sideways at lesser
nannies in the park hang up
rain-splashed leggings to dry on the nursery
fender read the Nursery World terrorize their
employer especially if he is foreign royalty
demand jersey milk in Kuala Lumpur
say it's his father coming in at six that
excites him madam compare
past charges favourably with
their present one spend
twelve guineas on minute
muslin confections boast
unbearably to other nannies
scoff at television but know
all the commercials
backwards knit
numberless Fair-Isle
jerseys





DRAWINGS BY HARO



AIRCRAFT EYE VIEW

Though a sea approach occasionally rates, there's no matching the magic of the first view of a great city from the air. Once it was strictly the province of the birds, but people have been catching on fast since the days when just a few privileged travellers first flew over Europe. Now aircraft crowd the skies and views come thick and fast—so fast that it takes a high-speed camera in the hands of an expert to record vistas like these photographed by **Charles Rotkin**

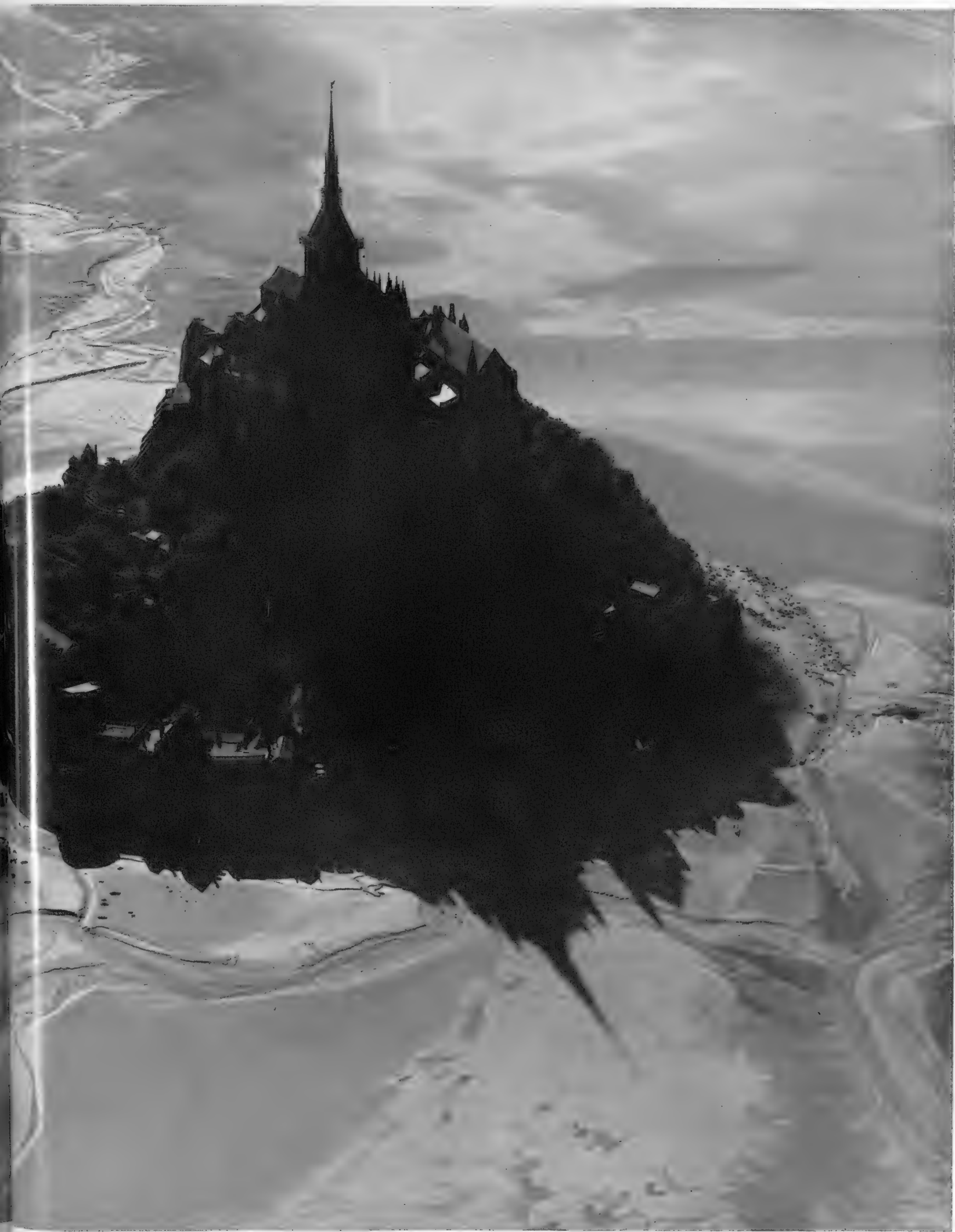


VENICE OF THE NORTH: Stockholm, a city of islands. Here is the Stadhuset, City Hall



CITY WITH EVERYTHING: Zurich, built round the lake, surrounded by mountains. Right: Mont St. Michel, off the coast of Normandy. More usual ground-level shots take in the causeway, miss shadows on the mud flats









VILLE LUMIERE: Paris where all the buildings of note thrust high above the rest. Across the bridge from the Eiffel Tower is the Palais de Chaillot



WESTERN GATEWAY: Hamburg is West Germany's first seaport and largest city, richest of the ancient Hanseatic towns



FLOWER OF CITIES: London, a happy home-coming view. Left: Windsor Castle presents an architect's ground-plan diagram with the curtain wall, Chapel roof and Round tower clearly seen



ROMAN CIRCUS: Like a dead eye, the shell of the Colosseum stares back at the air traveller; to the left, the Arch of Constantine. Charles Rotkin's "Europe, an Aerial Survey" will be published in America by J. B. Lippincott & Co., in September



HAMLET'S CASTLE: Elsinore, stronghold of Shakespeare's gloomy prince and his ghostly sire, is called Kronborg by the Danes. It stands on the straits between Denmark and Sweden

ANDERSEN'S CITY: The forlorn mermaid, saddest of Hans Andersen's fairy tale creations, is immortalized in a statue that greets ships sailing into Copenhagen. Here is the Town Hall





CONC

Auction fever comes in with spring. Stimulated by country cottages in need of stripped pine, chintz country furniture—all the auction room accessories that wouldn't look good in a town flat but fit perfectly into a country landscape—Victorian water sets—the roomy basin makes a stunning jardinière to plant with petunias and hanging geraniums, the jug looks its best with cottage garden flowers inside. Moving flat or town house happens in springtime, too, and the auctions often have the smallish antiques that fit into town settings. Shaving stands make ideal dressing tables. On top is the mirror, half way down a roomy rim that takes make-up and the whole thing is tall enough to peer into and movable to catch the best light. Look out, too, for the old street lamps that are lantern-shaped, often in beaten copper. These are enchanting strung from the ceiling with thick glass in maybe blues and green filling three sides, mirror in the fourth.

Getting scarce and worth scouting for are bentwood rockers which look smart painted with liquorice black lacquer if the wood is damaged and cushioned with cherry red, held down with brass studs. Hanging opaline lamps, antique rummers in heavy glass, Regency music chairs. Disastrously stained kitchen chairs or Windsors can be stripped with turpentine and wire wool or bleached to a becoming pallor. Or try painting them a subtle shade like the Blueberry in the International Paints range. Of course, the out-of-touch country hamlet yields the cheapest treasures but there are still finds for the astute auction-goer who visits the London salerooms and patiently waits for the desired treasure to come under the hammer or wisely snaps up a bargain spoonback for 10s. that nobody else wants to cart away:

Harrods (Stackhouse Street, Basil Street): sale days are Wednesday and Thursday, viewing on Monday and Tuesday.

Phillips, Son & Neale (7 Blenheim Street, W.1): sale days are Monday and Tuesday, viewing on Friday, Saturday morning and Monday.

Knight, Frank & Rutley (20 Hanover Square, W.1): sale days are every Friday, twice a month on Thursdays, viewing on Wednesday and Thursday for Friday sales, Wednesday for Thursday sale.

The Pantechnicon (Motcomb Street, S.W.1): sale days are fortnightly (next one 4th April), viewing on Friday, Monday and Tuesday

Bonham's (Montpelier Street, S.W.7): sale day is Thursday, viewing on Tuesday and Wednesday until 2 o'clock.

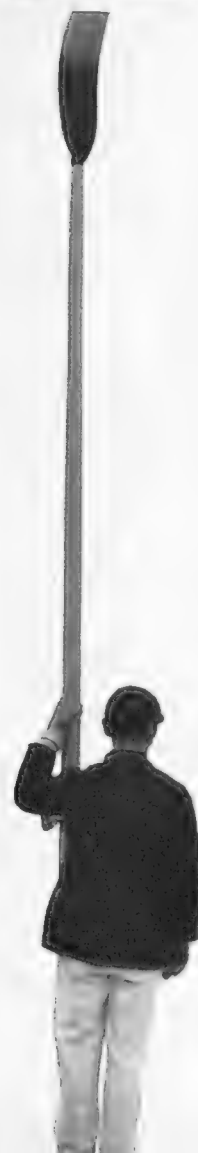
BOAT RACE BLUES

REBIRTH OF THE BLUES FOR
SPRING WITH A CREW OF
COOL FASHIONS FROM
WHICH TO CHOOSE YOUR
WINNING SHADE

BLUES BY **ELIZABETH
DICKSON**
PICTURES BY **TERENCE
DONOVAN**

NAVY COTTON TWEED REDIN-
GOTE FLECKED WITH WHITE,
WITH A SET OF NAVY BRAIDED
BUTTONS AND FOUR FLAP
POCKETS. UNDERCOVER
AGENTS—THE LITTLE SLIP OF A
MATCHING DRESS, BELTED IN
LEATHER WITH A MEDALLION
OF GILT COINS. BY SAMBO, THE
TWO TOGETHER COST 14½ GNS.
HARVEY NICHOLS LITTLE SHOP

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS ON
PAGE 758



CRISP AS AN OFFSHORE BREEZE, BLUE AND WHITE CHECKED JUMPER SUIT; SIDE-BUTTONED AND EXTRAVAGANTLY RIBBONED IN SCARLET. TEAMING WITH THE BLUE CHECK—RED RAFFIA BINDING ROUND CUFFS AND COLLAR. BY MISS POLLY, £5.12.6d. AT BRYAN BARRY

RIGHT: RELAXED SUIT IN NAVY JERSEY COMBINED WITH A DASH OF BRILLIANT EMERALD. SKIRT IS DEFTLY PLEATED WITH UNDERSIDE OF PLEATS IN GREEN, MORE GREEN TO EDGE THE NECKLINE. BY SWYZERLI, 17½ GNS. AT MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

FAR RIGHT: FOR CAMBRIDGE GIRLS—ALL SIMPLICITY AND DEVASTATINGLY GOOD CUT. PALE BLUE WOOL WITH SWINGING SKIRT AND A CARDIGAN JACKET NOT SHOWN HERE. BY GINA COUTURE, 33 GNS. AT MIGNON, NEW BOND ST.







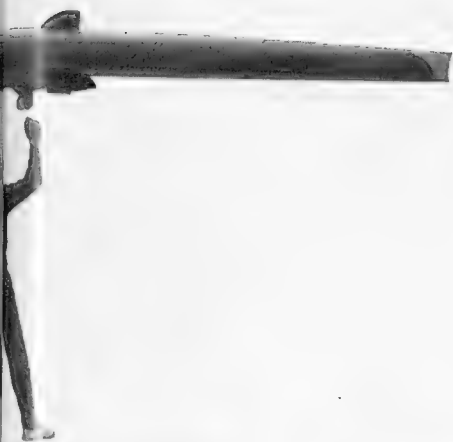
WEAVING INTO THE PARTY MOOD—RAFFIA AND WOOL WOVEN WITH BLUE AND BLACK. DRESS AND JACKET BOUND WITH BLUE SATIN RIBBON, MORE RIBBON FOR BUTTONS AND SASH—THE SKIRT BREAKS INTO A GENTLE FLARE. BY SUTIN, 36½ GNS. AT LIBERTY

FUNCTIONAL FASHION—THE COUNTRY SUIT, PREPARED FOR AN ELEGANT WHIRL AROUND TOWN. MATCHBOX SEAMED JACKET AND SKIRT IN BLUE AND WHITE SPECKLE TWEED, CRAVAT BLOUSE IN BLUE SILK—AMUSING FAKE POCKETS ON THE JACKET, EACH DOUBLE-BUTTONED. BY KOUPLY BOUTIQUE, 19½ GNS. AT PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD CIRCUS



SPRINGTIME BOATING NUMBER IN SAPPHIRE COTTON PIQUÉ, PIPED IN CRISP WHITE. GLANCE AT THE BACKVIEW SHOWS LARGE WHITE BUTTONS AND MORE PIPING. BY BLANES, £6.9.6d. AT DERRY & TOMS

SITTING ON THE FENCE, BEFORE TAKING SIDES WITH THE WINNING CREW—LARGE AMOUNTS OF BLUE, BROUGHT TO A SMOOTH FINISH BY WHITE. THE LIGHT NAVY JERSEY SUIT IS CUT LOOSE TO THE HIPS, THE SKIRT FALLS IN TAILORED BOX PLEATS. BY RIMA CASUALS, 18½ GNS. AT SIMPSONS



BEAUTY IN FASHION



First of an occasional series in which well-dressed women wear the clothes they like



Mrs. James Gavin, wife of the American Ambassador in Paris, dresses mostly at Balmain whose splendid and glamorous clothes she finds perfect for the highly-organized and formal side of her life. Off the social scene Mrs. Gavin likes immensely chic casual clothes for country weekends, time with her four children and for golf, her favourite sport. Desmond Russell photographed her at her home in the avenue d'Iéna in two choices from the new Balmain collection. The first is a white straw lace evening dress worn under a long evening coat in the same lace and edged with a wide band of white grosgrain. With it goes an Egyptian necklace of fake rubies set in gilt. The smaller picture shows a cold-shoulder ball gown in drifting white chiffon caught at the waist with a wide gold belt

Far left: Miss Corinna Dixon, dark and pretty daughter of Sir Pierson Dixon, our Ambassador in Paris, is currently studying languages at the Sorbonne, adores living in France and likes simple, uncluttered clothes. Desmond Russell photographed her in the pale orange and gold drawing-room of the British Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honoré wearing a romantic dance dress from the Jeunes Filles collection of Jacques Heim to be shown later this spring. In palest tangerine silk organza, the bodice and skirt are appliquéd with a cluster of white lace flowers. Hairdo and satin bow by Carita



The Marchioness of Milford Haven has little time to plan clothes since the arrival of her first baby a few months ago but retains certain definite preferences. She loves the drama of full evening dress and for daytime has a few suits from Hardy Amies. Her evening choice of dress and jacket, photographed in London by Alec Murray, comes from Christian Dior—London. The citron silk of the dress with its elaborate crystal embroidery sets off Lady Milford Haven's remarkable good looks. Hairdo and bandeau of aquamarine by Carita, London

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS FOR BOAT RACE BLUES

P. 751. SAMBO DRESS AND COAT AT: JOSHUA TAYLOR, CAMBRIDGE; RENÉE SHAW, SUTTON

P. 752. MISS POLLY JUMPER SUIT IN FINELY CHECKED COTTON AT: RHODA SPORTS, LIVERPOOL; BRINDLEYS, DERBY

P. 753. SWYZERLI NAVY JERSEY SUIT AT: VINCENT WILLIAMS, CHESTER; H. H. TRUELOVE, SHEFFIELD

P. 753. GINA COUTURE PALE BLUE WOOL DRESS AND JACKET AT: FENWICK, NEWCASTLE; RUBY MILLS, BELFAST

P. 754. SUTIN DRESS AND JACKET IN WOVEN WOOL AT: KENDAL MILNE, MANCHESTER; CRIPPS & CO., LIVERPOOL

P. 754. KOUPIY BOUTIQUE FLECK TWEED SUIT IN BLUE AND WHITE AT: JOLLYS, BATH; MARY COOK, GLASGOW

P. 755. BLANES COTTON PIQUÉ DRESS IN BLUE AT: JOSÉ, NUN-EATON; BOOKS, SUNDERLAND

P. 755. RIMA CASUALS JUMPER SUIT IN NAVY AT: DUSTS, BED-FORD; GRIFFITHS, CHESTER

YES?

ERDICTS

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

Joyce Grenfell, Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

Incomparable Miss Grenfell

A GREAT DEAL OF TIME HAS BEEN WASTED BY EARNEST COMPILERS OF tables of precedence trying to decide whether *Saint Joan*, say, is a better play than *Juno & the Paycock*. Obviously the short answer is that both plays are masterpieces differing as one star differs from another in glory. "Do not compare me," Max Beerbohm once anxiously begged an intending biographer. He spoke expressly for those artists who have sedulously cultivated personalities of their own for purposes of art. Miss Joyce Grenfell at the Haymarket has an equal right to ask that she should not be compared. Not with Miss Bea Lillie. Not with Miss Anna Russell. Especially perhaps not with Ruth Draper. For her aims are wholly different from the aims of any of those great solo performers, and she achieves wholly different results.

She has returned to London after a long absence and her short season has only three more days to run. I wonder how many of those who are renewing their delight in her relaxed and unemphatic satire consciously measure her against any standards but those which she has set for herself. She is Joyce Grenfell, and while she is at work on the stage nothing else matters if you are at all sympathetic to her angle of mockery. It is only afterwards that, in trying to analyse the pleasure she has given, you may be betrayed into comparisons which are futile.

That she is herself, and nobody else, is the only basis on which analysis may fairly proceed. It is not within her chosen range to transform herself physically and vocally between one monologue and the next. Three or four times in the course of her recital she changes her evening gown to another which seems to the insensitive masculine eye very like the last except in the matter of colour, but we should be startled were she suddenly to make an entrance as a Dalmatian peasant, an old Irishwoman of Kerry or anything so unladylike. Her business is not impersonation but the building up of a single comic personality which is perpetually up against situations slightly beyond its power to comprehend. This personality brings to these situations noble qualities—goodness, the willingness to go on trying and trying, a belief that we must all needs love the highest where it is pointed out to us, gallantry in the face of cruel discouragements, to say nothing of immense social poise and a reassuring and bracing manner. All these noble qualities go for nothing, alas, because they are dogged by an essential silliness. It is out of the gentle but unrelenting revelation of this inner emptiness that Miss Grenfell makes her comedy with a touch as light and economical as it is subtle.

The joke almost invariably is on the monologist. Miss Grenfell has no gift for peopling the stage with imaginary characters and she prefers to converse with a classroom full of incorrigibles or village committees under the domination of their chairwoman. It is the sudden disconcerting remark which serves to emphasize cruelly the absurdity of the school-teacher or the insufferably patronizing conduct of the chairwoman. The guest who has to put up with his hostess's pampered dog, "he is Number One Boss here, you know," must suffer in silence until he can endure it no longer. In silence he takes his departure, leaving Miss

Grenfell deliciously torn between fear that she may have been a bad hostess and pride in the dog's gift of extra-sensory perception which enables him to will anyone he dislikes to go away.

So with the novelist who is bored by the gushing praise of a young innocent and, noticing that she is pretty, indulges an impulse to seduce her. The comedy lies in the girl's artless gush, not in the wickedness of the man who can think of only one way of putting a stop to it. At singing dreadful folk songs or songs about fairy boots and buttons with the appropriate pointings, or describing with frightful archness how a popular writer of children's books works ("in my little hidey hole where the books simply write themselves, volume after volume, day by day") Miss Grenfell cannot put a foot wrong. I am less easy about her occasional attempts to be seriously sentimental, though the girl who gamely puts up with the consequences of having always fetched and carried for her three brothers is one that actually comes off. Nor am I sure that the recital would not be even more enjoyable if there were dancers to make an occasional diversion.

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

The Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse. Director Vincente Minnelli. (Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin, Charles Boyer, Karl Boehm, Lee J. Cobb.)

Twice Round The Daffodils. Director Gerald Thomas. (Juliet Mills, Donald Sinden, Donald Houston, Kenneth Williams, Ronald Lewis.)

Moon Pilot. Director James Neilson. (Tom Tryon, Brian Keith, Edmond O'Brien, Dany Saval.)

Long way after Valentino

JUST WHY M.G.M. DECIDED TO REMAKE **The Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse** I can't say. It was certainly not because they had found an actor the spitten image of the late Signor Rudolph Valentino, on the strength of whose appearance in the original silent version (and his first starring role) the film became the cinema sensation of the year 1921. A Miss June Mathis was responsible for the casting of the young Italian as Julio, the handsome Argentinian playboy-hero of Senor V. Blasco-Ibanez's 1914-18 war novel. She obviously knew her onions—and how to exploit her sex's craving for romance. Women of all ages, everywhere, went mad about the boy—he was their dream ideal of the perfect lover—and the film made a fortune.

Mr. Glenn Ford who, through a quite staggering piece of mis-casting, now plays Julio, is a jolly good actor but he's no heart-throb. While sloe-eyed Signor Valentino (sleek as a seal, elegant as a rapier and arrogant as all get-out) radiated Latin allure, Mr. Ford looks like a solid, respectable and prosperous American businessman: by no stretch of the imagination can one visualize women in their millions swooning in the aisles over him. Perhaps, as the Valentino Memorial Guild loyally protests, no actor of today could replace the idolized star of 41 years ago. Mr. Ford, poor dear, hasn't the ghost of a chance of doing so. Still, this is not the only reason why the current lavish production, in Cinema-Scope and Metrocolor, is unlikely to achieve anything approaching the success of the early, simple black-&-white job.

It seems to me impossible to re-tell a World War I story in terms of World War II—and this is what the film attempts to do. As in the novel, a rich Argentinian family is divided against itself when war breaks out in Europe—but now it is the Nazi cause that the members of the German branch actively embrace, and Paris occupied by the enemy (as it never was in the first Great War) provides a remarkably luxurious refuge for the members of the French branch, who show up somewhat unsympathetically in this setting. The romantic atmosphere of the original film, with its mystique of pure patriotism, has been lost—and though the well-remembered Four Horsemen still ride across the sky to ensure that mankind is not stinted of Famine, War, Pestilence and Death, they seem absurdly out of place in the steely sophistication of modern warfare and a film which does not even give us a glimpse of *that* until the last reel.

Mr. Ford, an Argentinian neutral handsomely housed in Paris, enjoys, or at least profits from, the patronizing protection extended to



"Oh, that's the prompter"

him by his German uncle and cousin (Mr. Paul Lukas and Herr Karl Boehm)—high-up Nazi officers in the occupied city. He embarks upon an affair with a French officer's grass-widow (Frk. Ingrid Thulin) and doesn't give the war a thought. Mr. Ford's French-born father (M. Charles Boyer) fretfully urges him to strike a blow for France; his young sister (Miss Yvette Mimieux) joins the Resistance and is killed by the Gestapo—but Mr. Ford clings obstinately to his neutrality. It is only when his mistress returns to her husband (whom the Nazis have inexplicably released from a concentration camp) that Mr. Ford decides he cannot indefinitely remain uncommitted. He persuades the Maquis to let him work for them—as a notoriously disinterested playboy he can (and does) get away with murder, and his powerful Nazi connections come in awfully handy. Through them, he is allowed to visit the top-secret Nazi headquarters which his cousin commands. From his chauffeur-driven, radio-equipped Rolls he signals the position to the British, whose bombers come roaring over in a trice and blow the place—and Mr. Ford and Herr Boehm to smithereens.

The sense of mental and spiritual conflict, the tension, the excitement and the passion that invested the original film are gone—along with the grimness of war as it once was fought, hand-to-hand in filthy trenches on shell-torn battlefields. The present film is emotionally flat and, in texture, glossily unreal. It left me, as I think it will leave you, totally unmoved.

The idea of a comedy-drama set, as *Twice Around The Daffodils* is, in a TB sanatorium strikes some people, especially those enjoying the rudest health, as horrifying—from the shuddering of my neighbours at the press show I felt they thought they had been exposed to contagion from the screen—but anyone with a slightly dilapidated lung of his very own might well find this little film quite encouraging: at least, the six male TB patients with whom it is concerned respond splendidly to treatment and are eventually discharged in full vigour.

On the drama side the film is perfectly satisfactory. The reactions of the men to their sickness and to one another are shrewdly observed and admirably conveyed by a fine team of actors—including Messrs. Ronald Lewis, Donald Houston, Andrew Ray and Lance Percival—and Miss Juliet Mills, neat as a pin, gives a beautiful performance as an understanding nurse. Background music of a cathedral solemnity suggests that producer and director realize they are dealing with a serious theme. Why then did they have to superimpose upon it unbelievable farcical situations, shoddy old bedpan jokes and an unnecessary barrack-room bawdiness? Only, I imagine, because the roaring success of the *Carry On* series, for which they and their scriptwriter (Mr. Norman Hudis) were

responsible, has gone to their heads and stuck there. The coarseness inherent in those rollicking farces, which had no bearing at all on real life, indubitably paid off—but their latest work has certain human values and these have been sadly impaired by the introduction of extraneous vulgarities, dragged in willy-nilly by their ears.

Mr. Walt Disney's *Moon Pilot* is a topical but insufficiently satirical fantasy about a young American airman (Mr. Tom Tryon), who is to be rocketed to the moon, and a delicious gal from outer space (Mlle. Dany Saval) who hi-jacks him to her own planet. Mild fun.

BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

- Down There On A Visit*, by Christopher Isherwood. (Methuen, 21s.)
The Foot Of Clive, by John Berger. (Methuen, 18s.)
A Long & Happy Life, by Reynolds Price. (Chatto & Windus, 16s.)
The Wreathed Head, by Christine de Rivoyre. (Hart-Davis, 21s.)
A City & A World, by Bernard Wall. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s.)
A Trip Into Town, by Michael Rubin. (Gollancz, 16s.)
The Walls Of Windy Troy, by Marjorie Braymer. (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.)

Week in the penitentiary

A GOOD MANY PEOPLE SEEM TO HAVE BEEN MADE HAPPY BY *Down There On A Visit*, Christopher Isherwood's new novel, and I heartily wish I could have been one of them, for the sake of that magical writing monster one called Audenandisherwood in the distant past and revered as practically holy. Mr. Isherwood's book is in four parts, telling, through an I-narrator, the adventures—mostly in fact the sexual adventures—of Christoph, Christopher, Chrissikins; semi-fictional, or semi-autobiographical, whichever way you like to put it. There's a German episode in the 20s, a Mediterranean adventure in 1933, a return to London during the Munich crisis, and a last glimpse of the narrator in the 40s in Hollywood, with yoga, meditation, film studios and a good many despondent, loveless and no doubt accurately drawn friends. It is hard to make out exactly why the book was written—to amuse, to shock, to instruct, to tell the truth, to write a good seller? By the end of it all I felt miserable to have spent so much time—though goodness knows it reads fast—in such wretched company, without even being sure why we were all there. This is threadbare, third-rate stuff, and if it weren't by funny, provocative, intelligent, historical Mr. Isherwood I doubt whether one would stagger through to the end.

The Foot Of Clive is a second novel by art critic John Berger and it seems to me pretentious and arty, which is a disappointment since it comes from someone who can write with such directness and vigour. It's about a ward (Clive) full of male patients, with another, a murderer, who is brought to join them. I never feel altogether at ease with those artificially created groups of people—the bus-load, the survivors on a raft, the victims of a car crash—since one knows one is going to have to get through a great deal of tears and laughter, not to mention shared experience and forgiveness, before the end, and one is always right. Mr. Berger believes in experimental writing, and there's no reason at all why he shouldn't; I suspect him also of believing in using bold daring words and phrases in the interest of Truth, and here I'm not sure he is altogether on the right tack.

Reynolds Price, a young American Rhodes scholar and teacher, writes in a first novel, **A Long & Happy Life**, about the country of his own childhood, North Carolina. It is a leisurely, poetic, enormously sensitive book that I can admire in a detached kind of way but simply not take to warmly, and you might well say that this was nobody's loss but my own. It is the love story of Rosacoke Mustian and Wesley Beavers, and by their very names you are likely to know whether their story is going to speak to you or not. **The Wreathed Head**, by Christine de Rivoyre translated by Patrick O'Brian, is an extraordinarily mannered, over-excited, occasionally very taking and more often extremely irritating too long novel about a young French girl visiting America and incidentally falling in love with a French painter whose wife is American. All the characters in the book, black and white, are in a more or less constant state of violent emotional agitation, and Miss de Rivoyre rambles on in the most self-indulgent manner without a thought for the reader's waning powers of survival. Somewhere there I suspect there might be a funny brisk and ironic writer, but not yet. The blurb says rather breathlessly that she is "as French as Voltaire." (As who? *Voltaire*? Well all right, since you've picked on him. . . .) It also adds sternly, yet dewily: "It is rare that one hears from a young woman what it is like, what it is really like, to be a girl and to have a loving heart." It is not every day of the week that one finds a blurb-writer so carried away either. It's bound to be spring soon.

Briefly . . . A City & A World, by Bernard Wall, is one man's reflective, chatty, informal view of Rome, and because the eye is sharp and the mind very taking, the book is most excellent company. . . . **A Trip Into Town**, by Michael Rubin, is another of those books about the terrible American college girl and how she keeps finding out about sex again and again and again and everything; Suki is the heroine, she is Jewish which at least makes a change, and she is a dead bore. . . . And **The Walls Of Windy Troy**, by Marjorie Braymer, is a rather pleasant children's version of the whole Schliemann story, such a winner in itself that you can hardly go wrong if you take it straight and steady without too much fictional conversation. There are good photographs, an index and bibliography, and I daresay I am fussy to be still slightly ruffled by phrases like "on a street in Naples."

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

Battle Royal, by Count Basie & Duke Ellington

No Count Sarah, by Sarah Vaughan

Taylor's Tenors, by Arthur Taylor

One For Buck, by Buck Clayton

Basie battles through

IT IS NEARLY TWO YEARS SINCE THE FULL, RICH SOUNDS OF COUNT Basie's swinging band could be heard in England, and I suspect that rather more than a handful of his old fans will be waiting to greet him when he opens his tour in London at the Gaumont State, Kilburn, on the last day of March. Basie's musical "handwriting" does not change—it merely progresses in a graph of consistent improvement as he moulds new ideas, new soloists, into the highly developed framework of his big band

arrangements. To anyone interested in jazz as it is performed today, I can recommend two hours spent under Basie's spell as being a necessary part of jazz education, quite apart from the sheer entertainment value.

An appropriately historical event took place last year to herald Bill Basie's arrival. For the first time on record those two aristocrats of jazz, Duke Ellington and Count Basie, met in a recording studio with their respective bands. The results of **Battle Royal** (SBBL657) convince me that there is little to choose between the merits of these essentially friendly rivals, and I can happily report that the conflict ended in a draw, tie, or dead-heat—according to which sport you favour. No heads were blooded, unless perhaps those of some assistant recording engineers at the session. This involved the stereo production of some 30-odd musicians, including no fewer than 14 brass instruments, plus the necessity to direct the piano playing of the two leaders into opposing stereo channels. This album, besides providing some fascinating listening, proves two things; firstly that a genuine "battle" of this sort can be sensibly produced in a constructive way; secondly that if the leaders and their groups have compatible styles, such as those of Duke and Count, the suggested enmity becomes nothing more than mutually respectful collaboration, which in turn breeds good jazz.

Basie's band, less Count, supplies the able backing to Sarah Vaughan's album **No Count Sarah** (CMS18058), where she ranges between conventional ballad (*Stardust*) and the advanced Horace Silver composition *Doodlin'*. This piece was a highlight of one of the Lambert, Hendricks and Ross albums a year or more ago, and reminds one how welcome this famous vocal trio will be when touring Britain with Basie. One of his leading soloists is tenorman Frank Foster, who is well featured on **Taylor's Tenors** (32-149) with Charlie Rouse as his opposite number. Both these men are well versed in the present day technique, but they respect the tonal qualities of their instrument. Drummer Arthur Taylor leads the set with a light but vigorous touch.

Just to prove the influence which Basie's Kansas City based jazz has had on the mainstream style, Buck Clayton's album **One For Buck** (33SX1390) features no fewer than six former members of the big band. The title piece and *Blue Mist* were written by Humphrey Lyttelton, and British arranger Kenny Graham contributed the exciting *Prince Eagle Head*. Yet another piece is dedicated to a well-known English jazz critic, from which you will gather that Mr. Clayton is something of an Anglophile. With this record as a sampler of his present day work—and what relaxed music it is—it is time Buck and his merry men were invited to pay us a return visit. His last was in 1959.

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

Painters Of The Bauhaus. Marlborough Fine Art and New London Galleries

The Weimar wonder

MY INVITATION TO THIS IMPRESSIVE "DOUBLE" EXHIBITION AT THE TWO Bond Street galleries owned by Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd., carried the following Q. & A. exchange:

What is the Bauhaus?

The Bauhaus is an answer to the question: how can an artist be trained to take his place in the machine age?

How did the Bauhaus idea begin?

As a school which became the most important and influential institution of arts and crafts in modern times.

Where?

In Germany: first at Weimar, then at Dessau.

When?

From 1919 until closed by the National Socialists in 1933.

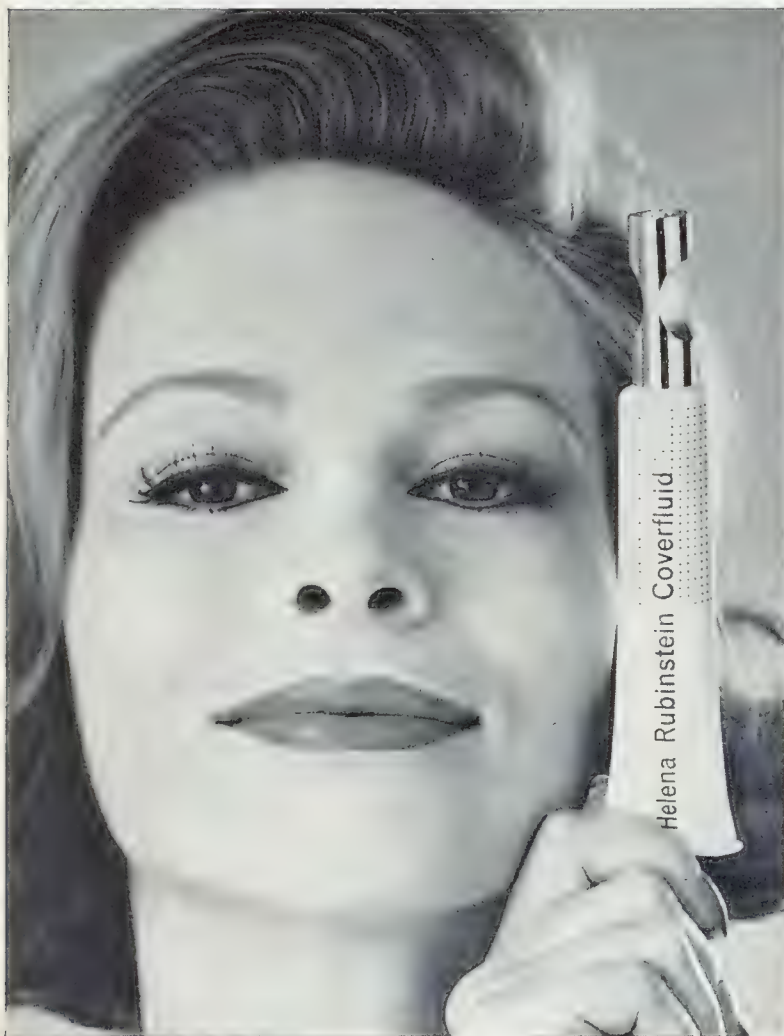
Who were its teachers?

Walter Gropius, its founder and the first director, Kandinsky, Klee, Feininger, Schlemmer, Itten, Moholy-Nagy, Albers, Bayer, Mueche, and others.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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Helena Rubinstein

3, GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 • PARIS • NEW YORK

What did they teach?

Architecture, housing, painting, sculpture, photography, cinema, theatre, ballet, industrial design, pottery, metal work, textiles, advertising, typography and, above all, a modern philosophy of design.

I quote it here because I could not possibly describe the Bauhaus more succinctly for the benefit of those to whom it may be new. In this exhibition all those (except Gropius) named as teachers are substantially represented and the collection of works by Paul Klee must be the biggest and the best seen in this country since that remarkable show at the National Gallery shortly after the war. As Professor Will Grohmann remarks in the catalogue, Klee's time at the Bauhaus was his most fruitful and full of discovery. This is patently not true of some of the others, insofar as their *painting* alone is concerned. Kandinsky and Moholy-Nagy, for instance, produced large numbers of paintings which, though their influence may have been considerable, now appear extraordinarily trivial and vacuous. Lyonel Feininger's style was more or less determined before he came to the Bauhaus and his development there was steady and predictable. But Klee whose mind, since childhood, had been opened wide to every new artistic experience, positively blossomed magically in the disciplined atmosphere of the Bauhaus.

He was 42 when he arrived there in 1921. Before the war he had been to North Africa and had returned with an inspired sense of colour and pattern, his imagination filled with Oriental architectural fantasies. But not until after the war was he able fully to experiment with these new discoveries. Then he produced a large number of deliciously coloured watercolours like *Houses By The Sea* (No. 100).

At the Bauhaus he was able to let his wayward genius have a free rein. He likened himself to a tree, accumulating what comes up from the depths and passing it on. "It would never occur to anyone to demand that its top should be like its roots," he wrote. "Everyone knows that what is above ground cannot be just a reflection of what is below."

His subjects were enormously varied, landscapes, figures, birds, beasts, fish, flowers, and fantasies in which never-seen-before varieties of all these things are combined with a wit and subtlety that opens our eyes to the fact that there are more things in heaven and earth for us than we ever dreamed of, thanks to Klee.

Picture of Past Beauty, by Paul Klee, at the Marlborough Fine Art



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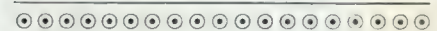
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CHARLOTTE MARCH



GOOD LOOKS


**COME
BACK**


PRETTY


GIRL


ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON


Back with a bang—the pretty girl and all the aids to keep her that way which are coming into the shops this spring. For seasons she was frustrated by the passion for pallor and lots of black around the eyes. But in Paris pretty girls were promoted, because a pretty girl really looks her best with a touch of pink to her cheeks, pretty pastels to play up her eyes and the kind of pink that's rosier and prettier on her lips. Pretty girls who never used rouge before can experiment with a misting of rosy rouge on a creamy skin. The method is to put the rouge on with a mop which distributes it sparingly and evenly. Sensational prettiness from Harriet Hubbard Ayer who has a new, see-through powder called Transparent which goes with a Transparent Rose lipstick that gives a gloss and a faint rose to the lips. The shade called Clear rouge gives the haziest suggestion of colour

applied very lightly high under the cheekbones. Pretty girls like to rival roses, this summer they can with Yardley's Rose deodorant, gently efficient, deliciously scented. On sale in May.

Pretty girls will carry Helena Rubinstein's Fiorentino make-up in their handbags this spring. It is compounded of the pearly Opaline Coverfluid with Pearl eye shadow and the new Rose Baccarat lipstick which is a young and tender pink.

Pretty girl touches: Lenthéric's Neutral face powder gives a pretty, pearly finish. Sparkling, champagne scents like the heavenly blue Je Reviens by Worth, Miss Dior by Dior. Pretty girls have dropped bright pink nails and substituted a good manicure or the palest wash of colour which might lean towards beige or brown (inspect the Lancôme, Orlane ranges for these).

MOTURING

Dudley Noble

The V-8 heart of the matter

WHILE THE GENEVA MOTOR SHOW WAS ON I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF trying out the latest Daimler Major Majestic on Swiss roads, and I have come back highly impressed with the capabilities of this excellent product of the Jaguar organization. Not only does it retain the dignity of the traditional rather staid looking Daimler but it has a performance that is fully in keeping with the outlook of the firm's new chief, Sir William Lyons. In fact this is a sports car in all but name. It will cruise comfortably at 90 to 100 miles an hour, has a top speed of some 120 m.p.h. and acceleration that takes it from standstill to 60 m.p.h. in under ten seconds, yet, in a town, will murmur along at 10, 20 or 30 m.p.h. with never a hint of impatience from the 8-cylinder engine under the bonnet.

When "Bill" Lyons took over the Daimler Company—oldest in the British motor industry—he acquired this remarkable power unit as a mere part of the bargain but I should not be a bit surprised if he does not take it a long way farther in his organization. The V type of engine is nothing new—Fords put it in their larger cars years ago, and reliable reports say that they are going to utilize the same principle in their new 4-cylinder light car which has so far been known as the "Cardinal" project. Rolls-Royce, too, have taken to it in their Silver Cloud II models, in 8-cylinder form: its outstanding advantage is that it enables high power to be derived from a compact size.

In the case of the Daimler Majestic Major no less than 220 brake horsepower is developed by an engine that fits neatly under a normal sized bonnet and has a capacity of no more than 4.6 litres (278 cubic inches). In length this unit is the same as a 4-cylinder, since there are two banks of four cylinders set at an angle of 90 degrees to one another. In these days, when traffic congestion makes over-long cars a nuisance to park, there is a growing tendency to take up as little room as possible with the mechanism of a car and give the passengers all the space that can be had from a given length. Alec Issigonis, designer of the British Motor Corporation's Mini models, proved how this can be done in a small car when he turned the engine sideways, and the idea has proved so successful that it is an open secret it will be copied on certain of the Corporation's larger cars.

To return to the Majestic Major, here is a full 6-seater saloon (there is also a limousine with capacity for eight persons), finished and furnished in impeccable taste, and equipped with extreme lavishness, no

more than 16 ft. 10 ins. in overall length and costing £2,113 basic (£3,083 inclusive of purchase tax). Automatic transmission by Borg-Warner is fitted as standard, also Dunlop disc brakes all round. As an extra, costing under £100, power-assisted steering by Girling can be incorporated, and I found this a great advantage on mountainous roads in Switzerland. For those who seek luxury combined with fast motoring I strongly recommend this very fine Daimler, and especially to firms who are looking for a prestige car for use by chairmen and directors.

The Ferodo company, makers of brake linings which are used on many of the world's best and fastest cars, award every year a handsome gold trophy for the most outstanding British Commonwealth contribution to the sport of motor racing. This time it goes to "Rob" Walker, who has done so much to further our prestige in that important sphere. Unfortunately, it appears that he will have to draw in his horns now that the British Government has cancelled the purchase tax concession on purely racing cars, which Mr. Walker says would involve him in an extra charge on his activities of some £10,000 a year. The Ferodo award is decided by a special panel of experts, of which the Duke of Richmond & Gordon is chairman—another who has done much for British motor racing.

The B.P. organization has recently conducted some tests with British cars using its Visco-static oils to demonstrate their anti-engine wear qualities. Half a dozen ordinary production models were bought at random and subjected to 100,000 miles' running at high average speeds under all sorts of weather conditions—the equivalent of about 12 years' normal motoring by a private owner. The Royal Automobile Club officially observed the test, which covered some seven months, and of all the cars a Hillman Minx returned the best oil consumption figure. At the end of the trials R.A.C. engineers stripped and examined each engine and, of the Hillman, reported that it was in "very good condition. . . . The wear on the cylinder bores and moving parts was negligible, but there was slight pitting on two tappets." Its oil consumption was still no more than one *pint* to the 1,000 miles, while petrol averaged 34.4 miles per gallon throughout the entire distance, over which a speed of no less than 50½ m.p.h. was maintained—a worthy reply to those who have gained an impression from a recent widely publicized test that British light cars are none too reliable.



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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

Reasons for Regency



AT THE END OF JANUARY A UNIQUE SET OF CHAIRS APPEARED IN THE windows of Denys Wrey Ltd., antique dealers of Sloane Street, London. There were 14 of them—four arms and 10 standards—a complete salon set for a formal reception room. Shown here is a photograph of two of them. Each chair carries a different design of classical figures in the Etruscan manner. They are made of beechwood, painted and grained to simulate rosewood with the decoration in yellow-ochre, gold and Regency green. The pronounced sweep of the front and back legs and the boldly concave back panel are typical of the classical revival that caught the imagination of the fashion-conscious public in the early 1700s.

We are, nowadays, familiar with Regency furniture, veneered with rosewood and decorated with gilt stars, honeysuckle motifs, lotus leaves and caryatids, but few people are aware of the names of the leading designers and builders of this furniture. The classical trend was first publicized between 1804-1808 in Thomas Sheraton's *Encyclopaedia*. It was developed and popularized by George Smith, cabinet maker and upholster, in his *Collection of Designs for Household Furniture and Interior Decoration* published in 1808 and by the drawings of Charles Tatham, cabinet maker and designer, pupil of Henry Holland, who made his drawings in the course of two years' study in Rome. Finally it was purified in the uncompromising flame of the classical Ideal of Thomas Hope (1770-1831) whose book *Household Furniture and Interior Decoration* came out in 1807, preceding George Smith's by a year. A Dutch emigré of considerable wealth, who lived in Duchess Street, London, and The Deepdene, Dorking, Thomas Hope was a typical aristocratic connoisseur, collector, designer and scholar of his day who based his designs on his Olympian ideals and visions of classical purity (suitable settings for his own fabulous collections) rather than practical ideas for everyday furniture for which Smith's and Tatham's drawings were far more appropriate—yet nevertheless his is the name which personifies the Regency classical revival.

The leading firms of cabinet makers who probably produced the best examples of this furniture were Chippendale and Haig, that is the son of the famous 18th-century Chippendale, who carried on his father's thriving business; Gillow (originally of Lancaster) then operating from their new branch in London, and Charles Tatham's firm of Elward, Marsh and Tatham of 13 Mount Street Mayfair, who made furniture for

Southill, Carlton House, the Brighton Pavilion and many other famous houses. The chairs in question are distinctly "Hope" in feeling and decoration but they are none-the-less practical and comfortable and might well be the work of Smith or Tatham based on a Hope design.

The complete set made a wonderful sight in the lighted window in Sloane Street for some two weeks until the inevitable "sold" ticket appeared and they vanished overnight—but not, I am told, overseas.

The International Art Treasures exhibition of antiques and works of art under the aegis of the British Antique Dealers' Association is the first of its kind ever to be held in a national museum in the British Isles. It is being staged in the Exhibition Hall (Room 45) of the Victoria and Albert Museum and is open until 29 April. Over 500 exhibits, of which 147 have come from abroad, are displayed in a specially designed setting. From France, *objets d'art* and fine furniture made by famous ébénistes; from the United States, American furniture including pieces by Duncan Phyfe; from Italy, 16th and 17th-century bronzes; from Holland, fine Oriental works of art, jade and enamels; from West Germany, silver, crystal and mother-of-pearl. Some fine specimens of English furniture are also on view. Among the beautiful items on exhibition the following are worthy of note: *Portrait of a Cavalier* by Frans Hals. This is the celebrated portrait sold last year for the second highest sum paid for a picture in Britain. George III's Medal Cabinet, a richly carved mahogany cabinet made for George III when Prince of Wales by William Vile, until recently in the possession of the present Duke of Wellington. It is probably the most costly piece of English furniture in the exhibition. A Louis XV Cartel Clock by Gudin, Paris, enclosed in gilt bronze, supported by two bronze Eastern figures dressed in Oriental robes of lacquer. The technique of combining ormolu and lacquer is rare, and the beauty of design could hardly be surpassed. A Henry VII Standing Cup and Cover, a very early piece of English silver dated 1514. A Goblet by Giacomo Verzelini in Soda glass, engraved in diamond point by Anthony de Lysle, dated 1578. The survival of such a delicate and unique object is rare. An Elizabeth I Gauntlet Glove worked in coloured silks and metal thread on a puce silk ground with a velvet palm. Dated *circa* 1600, this glove is traditionally said to have belonged to Elizabeth I. In fact the Exhibition Hall of the Victoria and Albert Museum simply bubbles over with "embarras de richesses."

Load-shedding in '62

WILL THIS BE THE SUMMER OF THE 17-OUNCE SUIT, OR WILL MORE AND more men switch to lightweights? At first glance, this might be thought impossible to answer without a crystal weather forecasting ball. Last summer did not give us as many hot, golden days as the year before, yet more lightweight suits were sold in 1961 than in 1960. It seems the trend just can't be bucked. It began at least five years ago, and some think that it gained impetus from the demand for lightweight mohair dinner jackets—men found that they didn't freeze to death in a heated car or centrally-heated room—and from lighter evening clothes, the demand spread to all round weight shedding.

It wasn't easy at first. British cloth manufacturers had been turning out lightweight material for a long time, but most of it was designed both in weight and pattern to please American buyers. Now there is an enormous range of light cloths to choose from that look comfortably at home in Britain, especially those dark subdued patterns and shades that the British choose to wear to the office.

Another factor threw the lightweight suit into temporary disrepute for some. The tailors were not all expert at making the adjustment from 21 ounce cloth to 6 ounce weights. And no wonder. (At this point, let me explain that the weight of a cloth is expressed in the number of ounces that one yard weighs.) But now tailors have had time to appraise the lightweights and build up matchless experience and technique.

There remain some curious misconceptions. One poor fellow is reported to have put his new lightweight suit through a washing machine and then a mangle, firmly believing that all lightweight clothes were as wish 'n' wear, drip-dry and minimal-iron as those worn by Alec Guinness in *The Man In The White Suit*. Another persistent feeling is that one should be able to buy a lightweight suit for somewhere about £10. True, one can, but it won't be lined, or shaped, or detailed like a more expensive suit—and what sort of material can one expect for that price? Obviously a suit can't be sold simply by weight, like pipe tobacco. There is only marginally less work in a 6 ounce suit than there is in a 17 ounce one. The moral is that one should be prepared to pay just about as much for the one as the other.

Further, a light suit can't be lived in day in day out. The material isn't designed to take this sort of beating. To hear tact on a *corps diplomatique* level, listen to a tailor persuading a customer that he will need two lightweight suits rather than one. Ideally, a suit of any weight should spend as much time on the hanger as it does on its owner—and this is specially true of lightweight suits. Similarly they benefit more than any other suit from careful brushing, pressing and cleaning.

What sort of cloth is chosen for this type of suit depends on where, and how often, it's to be worn; where one holidays; how warm the home and office are; whether the car has an efficient heater. Generally, to wear from spring to autumn, a 10-ounce cloth makes a comfortable suit.

Nearly all tailors are agreed that natural fibres are best for lightweight suits. Because less interlining is possible, it's important that the cloth should be capable of being moulded by a hot iron, shrunk and stretched to fit the wearer. So a wool worsted is probably the first choice, with a mohair and worsted mixture next in line.

The merits of synthetic fibres are arguable. Certain problems are presented which, quite literally, cannot be ironed out. But it is possible to produce a suit from synthetic cloth—a mixture of Tricel, viscose and nylon, for instance—that can be washed and worn the next day, though even this won't benefit from a trip through a mangle. And Terylene for example can add much to a cloth when mixed with a natural fibre. A pure silk cloth weighing 6 ounces will soon fray at the cuffs and trouser bottoms, but Terylene can add the strength to prevent this.

Now's the time to consider buying a lightweight suit, quite regardless of the long-distance weather prophets. The tailors are not too busy just now, but they will be in June, July and August, when American visitors start to arrive.



The Dry Fly palate

Styles of sherry vary considerably, but Dry Fly, a finely blended medium sherry, is designed to cover the widest possible range of tastes. It is delicious as an aperitif before a meal, served mid-morning with biscuits, or as an evening refresher. 18/6 a bottle.

Those who prefer a dry sherry should try CECILIA, a delicate Amontillado; and for sweet tastes—GOLDEN CHANCE, a rich Oloroso Cream. Both at 20/6 a bottle.

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Engagements



YEVONDE

Miss Evelyn Susan Sandbach to Mr. David John Simonds. *She* is the daughter of Commander and Mrs. R. M. Sandbach, of Stanton, Kingsclere, Newbury, Berkshire. *He* is the son of Major H. M. Simonds, of Fines, Bayliwick, Binfield, Berkshire, and the late Mrs. Simonds



YEVONDE

Miss Sarah Stanley to Mr. Simon Creswell. *She* is the daughter of Colonel F. A. Stanley, O.B.E., and Mrs. Stanley, of Bramshott Lodge, Liphook, Hants. *He* is the son of Captain J. Creswell, R.N., and Mrs. Creswell, of Ellerslie, Cattistock, Dorset



Miss Caromy Jenkins to Mr. Donald Maxwell Macdonald. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Jenkins, of the Manor House, Hooton Roberts, nr. Rotherham, Yorks. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Maxwell Macdonald, of Gortinanane, Tayinloan, Argyll



FAVER

Miss Cicely Tomlinson to Mr. Charles Maxwell Taylor. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. J. V. Tomlinson, of Beech Hill, Thorpe, Norwich. *He* is the son of Sir Charles Taylor, M.P., and Lady Taylor, of Ratton Wood, Willingdon, Sussex



LENARE

Miss Patricia Murray Russell to Flying Officer Paul Alistair Billinge. *She* is the daughter of the late Mr. George Walker Russell and of Mrs. Wilson, of Hilton House, Cupar, Fife. *He* is the son of the late Rev. J. Billinge and of Mrs. Billinge, of Farndon, Newark



VANDYK

Miss Sarah Elizabeth Cholmeley Harrison to Mr. Per Hans Christian Mathiesen. *She* is the second daughter of Mr. Cholmeley Harrison, of Bryanston Square, W.1, and of Woodstown House, Co. Waterford. *He* is the son of Mr. Axel Mathiesen of Hellerup, Copenhagen, Denmark

DINING IN

Helen Burke

Look to the herb garden

ONE HAS ONLY TO STROLL THROUGH ANY SUPERMARKET FOR ONE'S EYES to be drawn to huge displays of herbs and spices in bottles, jars and tins. Most of them come from Canada and the United States. Indeed, it has been a veritable invasion. The best-known brands are McCormick, Schwartz and Spice Islands. In the cookery leaflets issued by the producers, I must say that there are recipes in which the herbs and/or spices are rather overdone. Each should be used with discretion. On the whole, however, they do introduce many home cooks to a new culinary world well worth exploring. Incidentally, how many herbs can you name offhand? Parsley, mint, sage, thyme, perhaps. And how many spices? Allspice, cloves, cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, pepper. On my shelves at this moment of writing, I have over 60 varieties of the two. These include such flavouring seeds as caraway, celery, cumin, fennel, mustard and sesame, and sundry blends for special purposes.

There are different seasoning powders for table use and, believe it or not, there is a "Charcoal Seasoning" to impart a charcoal-grilled texture and flavour to grilled meat and fish, and an "Old Hickory Smoked Salt" for the same purpose.

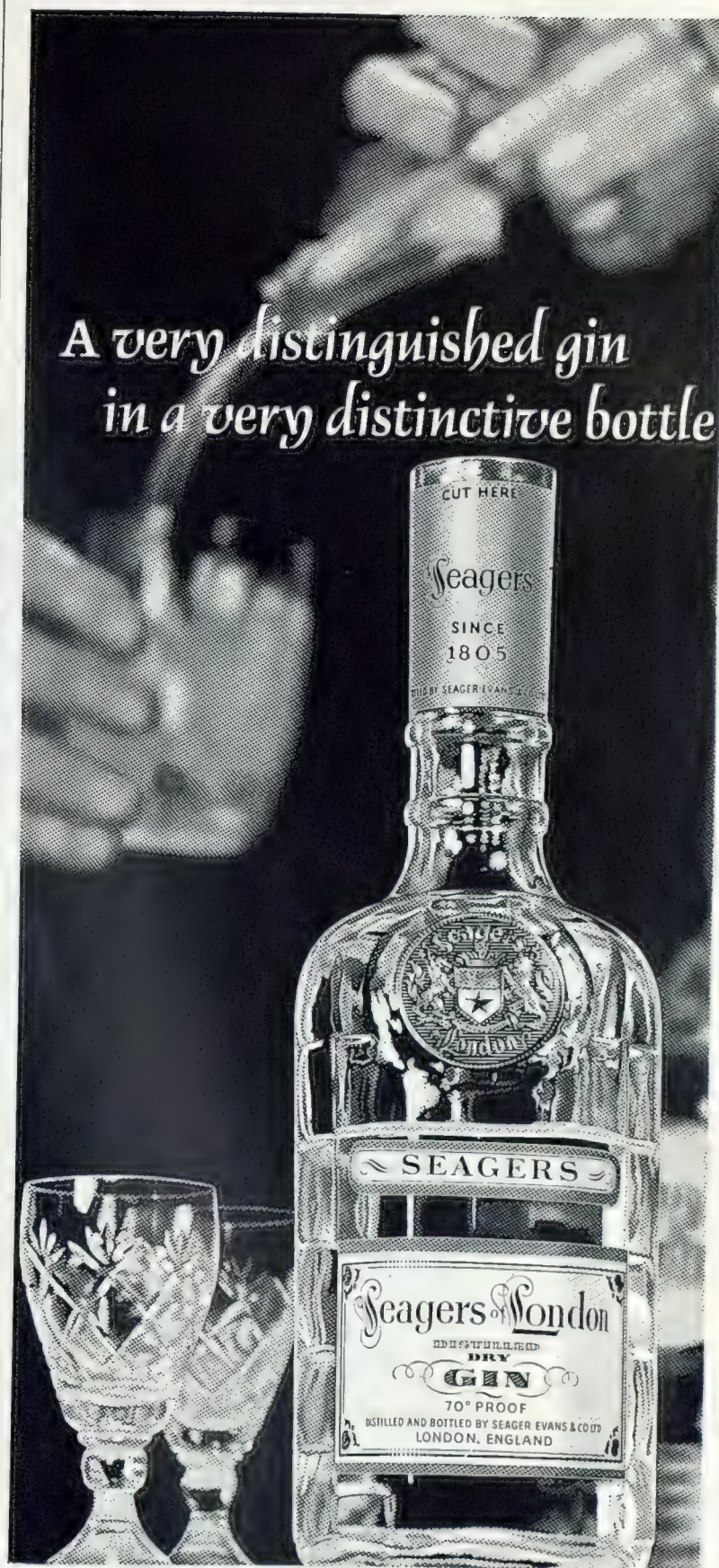
If you want fresh herbs it is time to do something about that herb plot you have been planning. I think that chives, mint, parsley, rosemary, sage and thyme should be in every garden. Basil, too, if it likes the soil, and chervil, a wonderful herb for flavouring soup. It is too early to sow parsley, perhaps, but I believe that it can be transplanted in spite of what we have always believed. In any case I plan this year to supplement my present window-boxes by bringing into my London flat a large deep pot of parsley because, of all the herbs one misses in the winter months, parsley is the one one misses most. There is nothing like fresh parsley, though dried parsley flakes are now so much better than those we used to know that they stand in very well for it. Parsley is the richest source of Vitamin C, is fairly high up the Vitamin A chart, and in addition has a generous iron content. Men who nibble parsley while they work in the garden are doing more for their good health than they realize.

FRUIT PICKLES have been enjoying a pleasant revival and here is a recipe, very like my favourite pickled peaches, that I have lately discovered. For it, you need a large can (1 lb. 13 oz.) of whole apricots. Or, failing them, halved ones will do very well. Drain them. Dissolve in a cup of the syrup 2 tablespoons of light brown sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of Spice Islands pumpkin pie spice. Add a tablespoon of white wine vinegar and the whole apricots themselves and simmer them together for 15 to 20 minutes. If halved apricots are used, do not add them until the last 5 minutes. Serve the apricots, hot or cold, with hot or cold roast chicken, ham or pickled beef or pork.

Failing pumpkin pie spice, which may not be available everywhere, use a mixture of $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each of ground cinnamon and ground ginger and a tiny pinch of ground cloves.

Apricots can be used very effectively in cakes. Here is a simple APRICOT GÂTEAU. Cream together 2 oz. each of butter and caster sugar. Beat in an egg and 2 oz. of chopped almonds, first lightly browned in the oven then left to get cold. Fold in 2 oz. of self-raising flour, sifted with a pinch of salt, then a dessertspoon of cream. Bake for 15 minutes in a buttered and floured tin, 7 inches in diameter, at 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5.

Drain a small can of apricots. Heat all but a tablespoon of the juice with 2 to 3 tablespoons of apricot jam or *purée*. Sieve it. Add a tablespoon of apricot brandy to the reserved juice. Dot the surface of the cake with this, spread a little apricot glaze on top and place the well-drained apricots in position. Spoon more apricot glaze over them and, at the last minute, sprinkle them with about a dozen roughly chopped peeled pistachio nuts. Serve with cream into which a tablespoon of apricot brandy has been whisked.



SEAGERS
OF LONDON
GIN

Barnes—Rogers: Lesley Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Maddox Barnes, of Ledbury House, St. Albans, Herts, was married to Brian, son of Mr. & Mrs. Eric Rogers, of Cedar House, Holly Lane, Harpenden, Herts, at St. Peter's Church, St. Albans



Hanania—Bloomer: Lyne, daughter of the Jordanian Ambassador & Mme. Anastas Hanania, was married to Gaylord, son of Mr. & Mrs. Bloomer, of New York City, at the Greek Cathedral, Bayswater



Simpson—Carnegie-Brown: Jennifer Jane, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. G. Simpson, of Watch House, Downderry, Cornwall, was married to Mark Mackenzie, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Carnegie-Brown, of Nairobi, Kenya, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Morris—Rees-Mogg: Gillian, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. R. Morris, of Queen Alexandra Mansions, W.C.1, was married to William, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. F. Rees-Mogg, of Cholwell House, Somerset, at the Church of the Redeemer, Cheyne Row

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. E. D. Carter and Miss J. C. Lyon

The engagement is announced between Edward Dearden, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Carter, of Bagley Wood, Oxford, and June Carlyle, elder daughter of Dr. L. Carlyle Lyon and the late Mrs. Elmina Lyon, of 42 Corringway, Ealing, W.5.

Mr. D. Hoskin-Troke and Miss V. Curtis

The marriage arranged between David, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin-Troke, of Woodbury, Devon, and Vera, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Curtis, of Chantry House, Norwich, will take place at St. Stephen's, Norwich, on Saturday, 31 March.

Mr. M. A. Robinson and Miss A. B. Ryves-Hopkins

The engagement is announced between Michael Allan, son of the late Mr. G. S. Robinson, and Mrs. A. J. Brock, of Bratton Lodge, Wincanton, Somerset, and Armored Brandreth, only daughter of the late Brigadier B. H. Ryves-Hopkins, and Mrs. Ryves-Hopkins, Seethrog House, Seethrog, Breconshire.

Mr. J. H. D. Toosey and Miss X. V. M. Strang

The engagement is announced between John, son of Mrs. R. M. Toosey and the late Mr. A. D. Toosey, of The White House, Great Barrow, Cheshire, and Xenia, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. B. M. Strang, of Maes Heulyn, Trefnant, Denbighshire.

Mr. A. D. Paxton and Miss G. M. Goodenough

The engagement is announced between Alan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Paxton, 93 The Avenue, Sunbury-on-Thames, and Greta, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Goodenough, 186 Hill Lane, Southampton.

Mr. R. G. Reynolds and Miss S. M. Wall

The engagement is announced between Richard Graham, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Reynolds, of West Beer, Cheriton Bishop, Devon, and Sonia Margaret, only daughter of the late Mr. Norman H. V. Wall and Mrs. Margery E. Wall, of The Old Manor House, Felpham, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

Mr. A. R. L. Carr and Miss S. J. Hall

The engagement is announced between Antony Rae Lambton, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lambton Carr, of Domik, The Friary, Old Windsor, and Susan Jennifer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hall, of Home Farm, Upper Woolhampton, Berkshire.

Mr. D. P. St. J. Woods and Miss B. H. M. Mosse

The engagement is announced between Digby Peter St. John Woods, of 57 Stanhope Gardens, London, S.W.7, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. F. St. J. Woods, and Bridget Helen Margaret, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. C. O. R. Mosse, M.C., and of Mrs. M. B. Mosse, of Floriden, Stream Lane, Hawkhurst, Kent.

Mr. N. G. Mills and Miss S. Glyn

The engagement is announced between Nicholas Greenaway, son of Mr. and Mrs. Breynton Mills, of Barrington Grove, Burford, Oxfordshire, and Susan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Glyn, Attingham Stud, Tetworth, Oxfordshire.

Mr. C. M. E. Davson and Miss E. M. Wardrop

A marriage has been arranged between Christopher Michael Edward, younger son of the late Sir Edward Davson, Bt., K.C.M.G., and Margot Lady Davson, of 14 Melton Court, S.W.7, and Evelyn Mary, daughter of the late Mr. James Wardrop, and Mrs. Wardrop, of 47 Cheniston Gardens, W.8. The marriage will take place at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, S.W.1, on 2 June.

Mr. D. O. Moseley and Miss R. E. Hiam

The engagement is announced between David Oswald, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Moseley, of Brooklands, Longdon Green, Staffordshire, and Rachel Elizabeth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hiam, of Lavender House, Rosemary Hill Road, Streetly, Staffordshire.

Mr. B. W. Deller and Miss S. M. Briggs

The engagement is announced between Brian William, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Deller, of West Byfleet, Surrey, and Susan Meachem, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Briggs, of St. George's Hill, Weybridge, Surrey.



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PERSONAL

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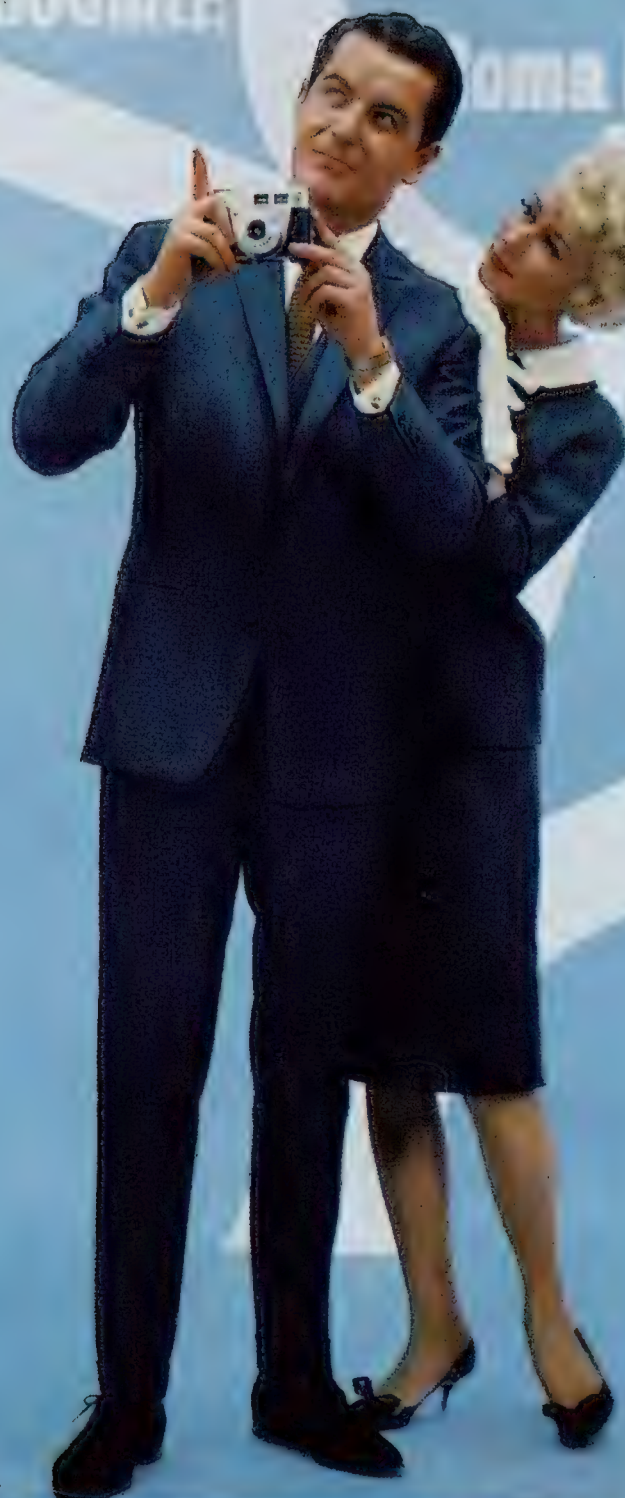
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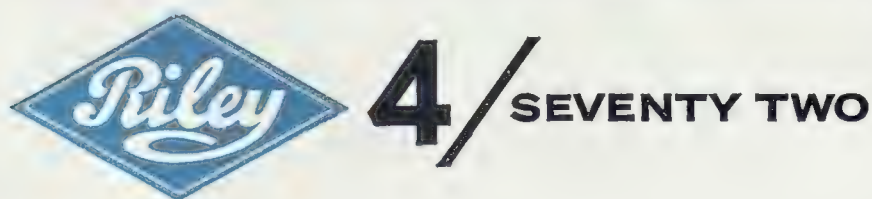
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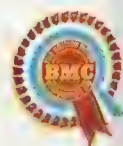
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It was our idea to play the actual murder by flash-back in darkness and it was up to the audience to spot the criminal and not get him mixed up with the reconstructed corpse, even if both did bear a superficial resemblance to the chief detective, who had the lights full on him for the first time just when, because there was only five minutes to go before Fad Time, we had to start running the titles and credits for the end of the programme.



Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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